

The Improvement **ERA**



NOVEMBER, 1934

Volume 37 Number 11

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KING vs. Progress

The people of Utah must take keen satisfaction in the opportunity presented at this election of replacing Wm. H. King in the U. S. Senate.

For more than 22 years King has sat in Congress content to do nothing but "object" and talk.

In more than 300 roll call votes in the senate, King has disclosed his opposition and indifference to Progressive legislation for veterans, farmers, labor, and public works.

Posing as an aid to the President, Senator King either did not vote or voted against more than 60% of the Roosevelt recovery measures. His mania for opposition even led him to vote against appropriations which if defeated would have actually crippled the administration of the government.

In Contrast, the election of Don B. Colton means the election of a progressive, able and courageous man.

He openly espouses the most progressive measures and is courageous enough to register his vote on the important questions which will confront the next congress.

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE!

(Paid Political Advertisement)



"LITTLE BOY BLUE" by Dr. Milton Marshall

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*
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THE COVER

THE TRAGEDY OF
WINTER QUAR-
TERS" is the title of this
group, by Prof. Avard
Fairbanks. Note the grief,
not despair in the faces; the
open grave; the shovel
ready for the last sad rites.
The Fairbanks family suffered
at Winter Quarters.
This group is in the L. D.
S. Church exhibit in Cen-
tury of Progress Exposi-
tion, Chicago.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY





RACHEL IVINS GRANT, BY WILL CLAWSON

This portrait of the Mother of President Heber J. Grant is said to be of unusual excellence

Rachel Ivins Grant

AMONG the sweet memories of my girlhood days is the privilege that was mine of intimate association with saintly women.

This rare opportunity came to me through the friendships and associations of my mother—"Aunt Emmeline Wells" as she was lovingly called.

This wonderful group of pioneer women, known among the people as "The leading sisters," who with Eliza R. Snow began the many movements for progress and organization among the women of the Church, had been tried in the furnace and found without alloy. They were women who knew hardship, had passed through the trying ordeal of persecution and travail, as they with their people had been driven from comfortable homes into the wilderness. These women had proven that faith and devotion to principle, was for them the only road to follow in search of peace of mind, and life's truest blessings.

As I lift the curtain of the past the dear figures of these devoted women stand silhouetted as it were against a background of pioneer life, none more distinctly clear than Aunt Rachel Grant—mother of President Heber J. Grant, our Prophet, Seer and Revelator.

It is natural that this should be so—the destined mother of a Prophet.

Aunt Rachel Grant was a handsome woman of stately carriage and pleasing personality. As I remember she was always neatly dressed and impressed one as a woman of culture and refinement.

In the Relief Society meetings of her ward where she was president, she presided with dignity and charm, which commanded the respect and love of all the members.

Her Madonna-like countenance radiated with kindness. Her complexion was clear and fair as a young girl's with a faint peach bloom on her cheek. A skin, unspoiled by the use of cosmetics, so extravagantly used in modern days, smooth and soft as satin. Her large deep blue eyes held a smiling friendly look, and her firm yet tender mouth a sweet expression. She had a soft voice and uttered pleasant words; words of hope and good cheer and comfort.

Aunt Rachel was noted among her friends as the best of cooks and an expert needlewoman. Indeed she was a true exponent of the proverb "She looketh well to the ways of her household and catcheth not the bread of idleness." In fact I think she was one of those mothers, the poet, James Whitcomb Riley had in mind, when he wrote "Over to dear Aunt Mary's." She must have kept the proverbial "cookie jar" for her little boy and his chums, for that was her tender nature.

I have heard Aunt Rachel among a group of friends, bear a beautiful testimony of the truth of the Gospel and the goodness of the Lord.

To sit in the twilight of life and unfold pictures of memory brings a rich outflowing of spiritual thought.

I am grateful to my Heavenly Father that I knew Aunt Rachel Grant, and that the resplendent glow of her benign presence has been cast along my pathway.

By Annie Wells Cannon

A Tribute To Mothers

IREJOICE in the remarkable meeting held here by our sisters, the faithful and diligent mothers of the Church. I happened to pick up a book this morning and read from it a tribute to mothers—to your mother, to every fine Latter-day Saint mother:

"The sweetest word in the Language of Languages is that of—Mother. There is in each letter of this word a wealth of music so divine—there are vibrating chords of Love so Angelic—that the whole world often pays homage to Mothers whom it honors.

"Nancy Hanks—the mother of Lincoln; Frances Willard and Jane Addams—mothers of the motherless; Queen Victoria—the mother of a nation of mothers.

"You—whoever you are—your greatest asset is your mother. You—bankrupt, discouraged, failure-riddled, hope-wasted, heart-wrenched, self-estranged—there remains still a day, glorious in sunsets for you if you will but get back again, in thought, or heart, or person—to your mother.

"The most wonderful event in the history of the world was when the first woman became—a mother. Human life has become a beautiful thing because the world has had its mothers."

No other Church has ever honored mothers as has the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by establishing the female Relief Society.

"The greatest men in any community are those who render the highest tribute to motherhood. No one ever has surpassed, or ever will surpass the achievement of a woman when she becomes a mother. When did you last write to your mother? If she has gone from you, how often do you think of her? Do you realize that all you are or ever hope to be started back in the years when your mother, her whole being pulsating with pride, held you tight, with eyes lustered and watered with love, watched your every breath and kept pace, over the hours, with your faintest heart throbs? Think of how, all through those days she wrapped you in her unselfishness and her sacrifices.

"The measure of your success will be the degree of honor you pay to your mothers and to motherhood."

I stand here today as one whose mother was all to him. She was both father and mother to me; she set an example of integrity, of devotion and love, of determination, and honor second to none. I stand here today as the President of the Church because I have followed the advice and counsel and the burning testimony of the divinity of the work of God, which came to me from my mother—June Conference, 1934.

Heber J. Grant





BLANCO—
AWAITING
THE CALL

IN M

By STEPHEN
L. RICHARDS

*A Member of the Council of
the Twelve Apostles*

*"The Last Two Weeks" really
should be the title of this tender
sketch of the days preceding the
passing of President Ivins.*

IT is the day after his funeral. I sit and ponder the marvelous life which has so abruptly and yet so beautifully come to a close. There are fresh in my memory incidents growing out of his last experiences. Some of these I will relate.

About two weeks prior to his passing I was with him in an important directors' meeting. He considered and passed upon an appropriation of more than a million dollars and then immediately he went to the home of a friend to see a pure bred dog which was reported to have unusual markings.

The day following I met him at the bank in a meeting of its Executive Committee where he transacted business of a financial character. After the meeting he told me that he was tired, that he had taken no relaxation for a long time and that he had had no good fishing since he was out with me several years before. A trip was proposed; we discussed the boat, the fishing tackle, and the fishing waters and a gleam came into his eyes and his countenance brightened as he contemplated the prospect.

The next day was Thursday. He presided

at the regular Council meeting of the Presidency and the Twelve in the Temple, President Grant being absent. Among other things he reported having been in attendance at a meeting in one of the small wards in the City. He said he

went to try to give some comfort and encouragement to the poor people who lived in this section.

The next two days preceded his birthday—they were filled with his usual activities—at the office early, attending board and committee meetings, interviewing visitors, filling up the day completely with useful work, then going to his home at night to read and study. He told me on one of these days that he had so fully kept up the correspondence of the First Presidency that not a single letter was unanswered and all matters had been disposed of excepting only those awaiting the return of the President.

On Sunday he was eighty-two. In the late afternoon my wife and I called at his home. We found him surrounded by his family. Some had come from distant parts, across the continent, to be with him on this occasion. The house was adorned with flowers, tokens of love and esteem which had been sent to him. On the table was a pile of letters and telegrams of felicitation. He told us that some had come from people he did not know. He showed us one from the President of the United States in which

President Anthony W. Ivins

By Lucy Elizabeth Cardon, a Granddaughter

THE skies wept when he died—
Gently, because they felt no frantic grief—
It was as though the earth he loved
Had drawn gray mourning veils
About her head,
And sat in meditation, with slow tears.

But let there be few tears—
He passed as he had longed to go,
Quickly, with but brief surcease of toil,
A pause, perhaps, and then the work he loved
And gave his life to
Will be continued, glorified, beyond.

He left a numerous family, and not one
But may hold up his head and rightly say,
"My father's name and blood I have kept pure."
He left unnumbered friends—
The very great and very lowly love him,
And bow their heads in sorrow at his going,
But more in gratitude that he has lived.

He left four-score strong years of human service—
A book of living through whose pages now
We who remain may turn and read and glean
Courage and faith and noble precedent.

Let there be healing tears to close the wounds
Of new bereavement, but no wailing cries,
For he lived well, and he has gone to kneel
Before that God whose service was his life
And who will bend and say to him "Well done!"

EMORY OF PRES. A.W. IVINS

he was greeted as an old friend. It and the other evidences of respect and affection made him very happy. He was very active and agile in getting up quickly and moving about among his friends, so much so that we afterwards commented upon it.

I recall nothing of interest during the next three days, except that I saw him daily.

On Thursday we again met in the Temple, the President having returned. Those of us who were with him on this occasion, looking back on it in the light of what followed, have been led to wonder whether or not on that day he had something of a premonition of what so soon befell him—not because his actions were noticeably unusual, but because there seemed to have been gathered into the few hours of that meeting something approaching an epitome of his life among us. He did the things he had always done, he showed the same characteristics he had always shown, but somehow it seems that they were climaxed in this meeting.

The qualifications of a man had been questioned. There

were some reports of an adverse nature. President Ivins immediately arose to his defense and questioned the verity of the reports and pleaded for forbearance of judgment and a full investigation. He said in substance (I am sorry no verbatim report was made):

"I have made it a rule of my life never to judge a man without a hearing. I have seen much injustice from passing immature and ill-considered judgment on others and their actions. I have found that when you can come to know a man and his

point of view you often find him very different than you thought him." He then concluded with a plea for forbearance, tolerance and merciful consideration of all men.

HE took occasion at this meeting to speak of his birthday. These remarks were recorded.

"I know too much not to be conscious of the fact that I am very imperfect. I have had more arguments with myself than all the arguments I have had in my life with other people, in order that I might convince myself what I should do and what I should not do, and I have tried to follow that out. I feel almost embarrassed at the nice things that came to me from members of the Church and others, and I cannot understand what it is that has brought it all about. I have never had ambition for preference in anything. I have been satisfied to work, whether it



MARRIED SWEETHEARTS FOR FIFTY-SIX YEARS

"Tony" Ivins Meets Elizabeth Snow

As Given by Elder McKay at the Funeral Service

HERE is President Ivins' own account of his first meeting with his sweetheart:

"We were camped at Chicken Creek Lake. A few wagons passed us and camped a little farther down the road. The following morning a span of mules belonging to the party ahead were grazing with our animals.

"I walked down the road to where our neighbors camped and asked a man who was repairing a harness if he had lost any mules. He smiled and said 'No.' As I stood by the wagon tongue, conversing with the man, a little girl walked up on the opposite side of the tongue and from under a blue sunbonnet looked at me, and I looked at her.

"I was thrilled with her beautiful brown eyes, and could never forget them. When we reached the St. George Valley there were but two wagons camped there * * * I again saw the little brown-eyed girl. She was the daughter of Erastus Snow, the father of Utah's Dixie.

"I continued to see her until we had grown to man and womanhood, when she became my wife. She is with me still, the same sweet girl she was at Chicken Creek. She has shared with me the dangers, trials and privations of pioneer life. No other has, or ever can, take her place."

was with my mind or my hands wherever I have been. But I have followed what I thought was right. I hope the Lord will overlook my weakness, and with His help I will try to carry on for another year if I can. I have never felt so grateful before as I have on this birthday, because of the things that have come to me."

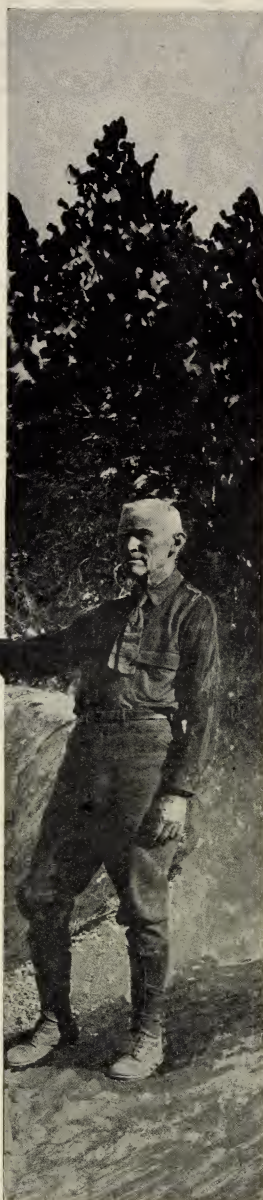
Profound attention was paid to his words this day and I have since learned that other members of the Council experienced something of an apprehensive feeling, as I did, when he said, "With His help I will try to carry on for another year if I can."

On the morning of the next day I saw him for the last time here in mortal life. We met at the bank, transacted the business, and after the meeting he remained to talk to me a few minutes regarding the fishing trip we had arranged. It was definitely set for the following Wednesday. He lightly remarked that he was a good cook and would see that we did not want for things to eat. He also said, "Now we are going to your cabin and we are going to use your equipment and I don't propose that you shall stand the expense; I will see about that."

The following Sunday morning while in Logan attending a conference I received a telegram from President Grant advising of his death. It was a great shock to me and the people. I saw a whole city stunned by the news. They loved and esteemed him in Cache Valley, perhaps even more than in many other places, because of his long and helpful service to the Utah State Agricultural College.

Sunday night we again called at his home. It was not the same cheerful, joyous place it had been the week before. There were sorrow and deep mourning. A Mexican woman with her son, sat on a couch with Sister Ivins. She was crying bitterly. She said her people had lost their father. The boy told me that President Ivins had made it possible for him to go to school.

During the next two days, the city seemed to be under a pall. Crepe hung on the doors of many places of business. Men spoke in hushed voices and everywhere one went he heard the salutation and comment:



"HE IS JUST AWAY"

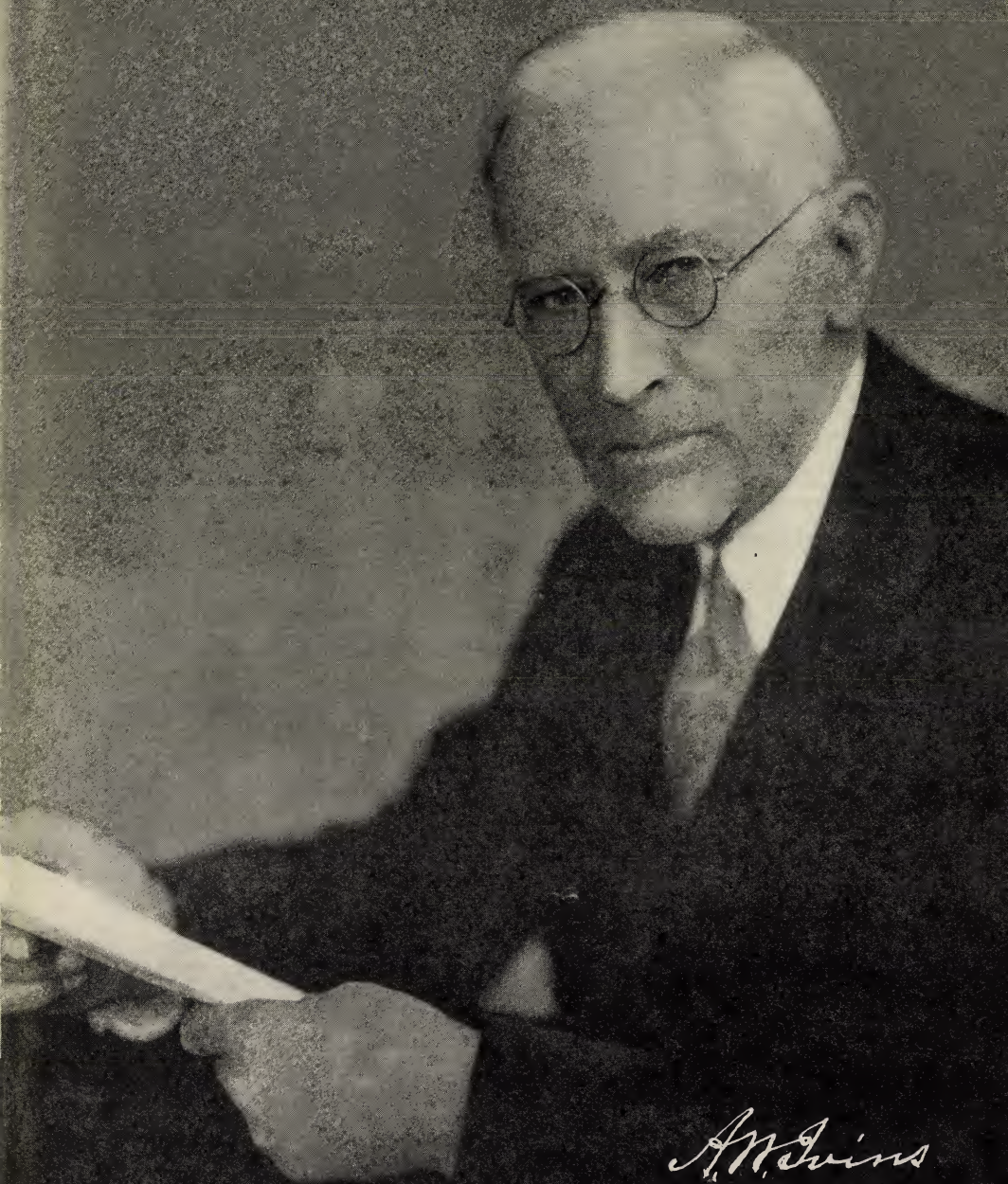
"What a loss." "What a friend." "How can he ever be replaced."

Then came the day of the funeral. It seemed like a sacred holiday. Business was largely suspended, many houses closed. The police patrolled the streets to prepare for his cortege and for three solid hours a continuous procession of sorrow stricken people passed his bier as he lay in state in the onyx room of the Church Office Building where for many years he had so diligently devoted himself to the cause he loved. In the procession were financiers, bootblacks, statesmen and washerwomen, the educated and the illiterate people of various nationalities and from all walks of life. All counted themselves his friends for they looked upon him as their friend. Many would have paused for a long time to look upon his still white face as if by longing and wishing they might bring back again his friendly smile and kindly word; but they had to be hurried on to make room for others.

AND now the unforgettable service in the great Tabernacle. Myriads of flowers entwined in beautiful costly designs; extending from side to side of the huge edifice, adorned the rostrum and made a background of almost ethereal beauty, so befitting the one who loved them so much. They were the gifts of those who desired to speak their love in this delicate language of fragrance and beauty. The great choir in which he took such pride was in its place to do him honor and to assuage the grief of his loved ones with the balm of music. The building was filled with his friends, but not all his friends, for there were many who could not get in and hosts of others throughout the country who could not come. Many of these fortunately, in the cities and towns and hamlets of the Intermountain country, were permitted to listen to the services over the radio.

The addresses are a matter of record. They came from men representing various groups of his friends. They recounted something of the greatness of his life and the breadth of his activities and they all expressed profound respect for his achievements and enduring love and friendship.

The services closed. The long funeral cortege solemnly moved through lines of uncovered heads to the cemetery. On its way a great church, to which he did not belong,



Amos M. Smith

LATE FIRST COUNSELOR IN THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

paid official tribute. His body was laid in the earth. This was the end of the last two weeks which I have tried to recall.

Some of the things which I have set down may seem to be inconsequential and almost trivial but I believe that one may gather from them an enlarged appreciation of the eventful, noble life of President Anthony W. Ivins.

In this brief cross section we see something of the breadth of his interests and the easy transition from one phase of living to another. He was a financier, philosopher, statesman, scholar, teacher and preacher of righteousness. He was also a cowboy, a prospector, an assayer, a farmer, a baseball fan, a hunter and a fisherman. It is no wonder that touching life at so many points he touched also the hearts of so many people. The breadth of his interests, his knowledge and experiences, enlarged his sympathies and his understanding of men gave him tolerance as understanding always does, and endeared him to the multitudes, for each one felt that in him he had a friend who understood him.

Circumstances which I have recited also serve to show something of the simplicity of his nature. His reasoning was direct, not involved and abstruse. He was given to reach a conclusion on new problems by the application of old rules and principles which he had long tried and not found wanting. Many a time he has won his point in financial discussions with the recital of a cowboy experience.

His language was simple and beautiful. I have known but few men with a gift of pure English such as he possessed. He seldom used big words. He seemed always able to clothe his thoughts in the shorter, simpler words of the language.

He was almost a slave to duty and would let nothing interfere with his performance of it. Many times I am sure he has suffered in health because of unwillingness to care for himself at the expense of his assignment. But I believe he enjoyed his work so it was not so much of a sacrifice for him to respond to duty as it might otherwise have been.

Within the limitations of this article I cannot further extend my comments on the lofty character and achievements of this great man. Fortunately so many knew him and were the beneficiaries of his goodness and wisdom that it is unnecessary to exploit his life's labors.

I am grateful indeed to have known him and to have been counted among his friends. A short time before his death, after I had

On the Wings of the Morning

By Ruth May Fox

READY, quite ready—

Spotless his garments of whiteness,
Burnished his armor to brightness,
When he heard the call of the King!

Glorious his life!—

His faith—there can be no forgetting;
Nor joy—no bitter regretting
The royal highway is before him!

Urgent the need,

Horses are prancing, are waiting—
No time for adieu or leave-taking—
Lightly he bounds to his steed.

Away and away—

On glistening wings of the morning,
Glory and honor adorning,
His fine intellectual brow.

Now and forever—

A star in eternity gleaming,
Beck'ning mankind with its beaming,
To follow the pathway he trod.

been absent for several months from my home and my association with him, he wrote me a letter. In it he gave me his confidence, much encouragement and his affection. I shall always treasure it because it typifies the sympathy and kindly consideration and the goodness that he was able to manifest in such unusual measure for all his fellowmen. God planted in his heart a great love for all His handiwork—man, the animals, birds and all nature. As love begets love so all men and things seemed to respond to this divine touch within him.

He went home to his Eternal Parent with as rich a measure of the love and confidence and esteem of his fellowmen as it is ever the portion of a man to take out of this world.

Notes of the Funeral

Extracts from the prayers and speeches given at the funeral will appear in a later number of "The Improvement Era."

ON Sunday morning, September 23, 1934, Anthony W. Ivins, first counselor in the First Presidency, passed away at his home in Salt Lake City, a few days after he had celebrated with his family and friends his eighty-second birthday. President Ivins was as active as usual up to Friday evening, September 21. His passing was sudden, as he was ill but a short time.

His funeral was one of the most impressive services of its kind ever held in the Church. Indeed, many say there has never been another like it. President Ivins was so universally loved by all classes of people, members of the Church and non-members that the occasion was one of universal mourning throughout the inter-mountain West where he was known so well and loved for his sterling qualities. The great Tabernacle was filled beyond capacity. Floral offerings, beautifully arranged, decked the various pulpits and rostrums of the vast auditorium.

During the time that the body of the beloved pioneer reposed in the onyx room of the Church Office Building, more than 4,000 mourning friends passed to pay tribute to a magnificent life while

Scout Executives of Boy Scout Councils acted as a guard of honor.

President Heber J. Grant, bereft of his counselor, cousin, and friend, the boy and young man with whom he had played nearly three-quarters of a century before, joined the mourners, while Elder J. Reuben Clark, second counselor in the First Presidency, presided.

As the cortege, after the funeral, passed along South Temple Street on its way to the City Cemetery where interment took place, Rev. James E. Kearney, D.D., Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Salt Lake City, and members of the clergy stood on the steps of the Cathedral of the Madeleine while the bells tolled the passing of a great soul. It was a beautiful gesture and a splendid tribute to an honest life.

PRESIDENT CHARLES H. HART

By LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

A Member of the First Council of Seventy

From this life has gone forth to new achievements a fine counselor, a righteous judge, a faithful friend. This expression by his colleague for many years is representative of what others have said and could say about this leader of the people.

was the President of that institution, and from him, President Hart received instruction in Political Science, Physiology, and English literature, the influence of

as far north as Hudson Bay.

President Hart was a quiet, unostentatious man. From his boyhood, he was compelled to face life with courage, for his father was unable to give to his family of nine children the advantages of education. Yet from his parents, President Hart and his brothers and sisters inherited sterling characteristics. The father and mother were known for their upright lives and honest purposes. He often recalled the humble home in Bear Lake as a place of richness of the spirit, and all through his life, the memory of the old homestead animated him to higher purposes. A member of the Convention that drafted the Constitution for the State of Utah, President Hart won many friends because of his fine sense of justice. While he was not an orator in the common acceptance of that term, he was a fine debater and his delivery was not wanting in skill. As a rule his words were spoken quietly, and were often full of feeling. Always interested in politics, he never complicated political opposition with private hatreds. It is said by one of his friends in the legal profession that he could state facts and argue and dissect an opponent's argument with quiet dignity and impressiveness. In President Hart's career as a minister of the Gospel, he was always kind, and had a gentility

(Continued on page 667)

WITH the death of President Charles H. Hart, there passes a noble spirit to the beyond. A member of the First Council of Seventy and a distinguished lawyer, he was a man of high honor, and best of all, a most lovable man. For twenty-eight years in the councils of the Church, President Hart has been a faithful worker, and his gentle ways will long be remembered by the people in the different stakes of Zion. President Hart was born of pioneer stock sixty-eight years ago. His parents had their humble home at Bloomington in Bear Lake County, Idaho; but they moved to Provo while Charles was a small boy. It was some years before the family returned to Bear Lake Valley, where young Charles attended the district school, and did chores incident to the work of the farm. When seventeen years of age, he entered the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah, and was graduated from the Normal school in 1887. Dr. John R. Park

which remained with him throughout his life. Deciding to take up the law as a profession, he entered the University of Michigan and took his degree of LL.D. in 1889. Returning to his home, and later taking up his residence in Logan, Utah, President Hart became a successful practitioner and for nine years, served as judge of the First District court of Utah. Known far and wide for his keen sense of justice and fine understanding of the law, he was chosen to write many decisions on technical questions and cases for the supreme court of the territory. Upon the death of President Charles J. Fjeldsted in 1906, Elder Hart was chosen to fill the vacancy in the Council of Seventy. He was a member of the Deseret Sunday School board and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement board until the time of his death. As president of the Canadian Mission for three years, Elder Hart traveled widely and was desirous of extending the Canadian mission to the settle-



A ROMANCE

In the jungles of South America once flourished a civilization which, on account of internal difficulties, broke up into two rival organizations. These peoples, though of the same blood, became bitter against each other and fought many fierce and destructive battles. Zena, a white maiden, is desired by Nana-aha, the Mighty One among the dark-skinned enemies of her people, but Zena has other ideas. This racial struggle between the peoples of two mighty cities goes to make up this story by Dorothy Clapp Robinson.

CHAPTER I

IT was fall. The flaming forest, the brown stubble, the frisking squirrels; the haze and tang of the air gave exhilarating proofs of it; but not one of a group of girls just emerging from the forest saw the riot of color nor felt the intoxicating breeze. If their feet hurried it was the lengthening shadows and the distance to the Great North gate that spurred them on. To the right of them the vast vineyards were disgorging their horde of laborers. From the east and north the resonant bleat of flocks sounded steadily nearer the city, whose immense stone walls rose straight before them.

Suddenly one of the girls clutched the neck of her robe and shifted her basket. "I must grow more indolent every day," she said, "for this basket seems cruelly heavy."

Sarah, reaching, took Leah's basket, placing it easily on her own free shoulder. Leah protested but Sarah only said, "'Tis more than indolence, Gentle One. Many, many backs are groaning under burdens just now."

"Burdens! How I hate the word." The black eyes of the speaker snapped with fire. "Sometimes I wish to die that I might be free of them."

"Perhaps when we have learned to bear our burdens uncomplainingly, God will lighten them," Gentle Leah spoke again.

"God! Mention Him not to me," Ruth cried vehemently, "Even the gods of the Lamanites are more kind."

"There is but one God, Ruth," Sarah rebuked her. "Jehovah, the God of Abraham, rules the Lamanites as well as the Nephites."

"You blaspheme," another cried.

"Blaspheme," Ruth laughed scornfully. "Do you forget how the Lamanites prayed and sacrificed to their Rain God this season past and the rain descended and gave life to the dying fields? Blaspheme! Has your Jehovah been so kind? You pray and sacrifice unceasingly, yet our heads still bow beneath the Lamanite yoke; and what a yoke! 'Tis enough to sour the most righteous. Call it blasphemy if you will. I call it just anger with an unfeeling God." And she laughed again.

"Nevertheless, there is but one God," Sarah persisted; "Father says He is punishing us for the way we sinned, and then rejected the Prophet Abinadi when he told us of our sins. You will remember, he predicted that the Lamanites

should scourge us until our stubborn pride was humbled."

"That proves naught," Ruth retorted. "Abinadi was an insatiable fault finder, and if he were a Prophet, why, then, did not Jehovah protect him?"

"Death is as naught to him who believes," Leah began, but a scornful exclamation interrupted her.

"I prefer the way of the Lamanite gods. Yet even now Zena might help if she only would."

Leah looked about startled. "Where is Zena? We have forgotten her." They all stopped, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"She will come," Sarah, who was cousin to her, remarked easily. "Do we not call her The Dreamer? She will come before the gates are closed. Just how could she help, Ruth?"

"Your eyes are sharp, Sarah. You know Nana-aha looks with longing at her, but Jared, your Grandfather, scorns him. My father says were not Jared so proud, the City could be living peaceably."

"That may be, Ruth, but Grandfather will never sell his favorite Granddaughter, one he raised from babyhood, to a Lamanite, though he be Nana-aha, the Mighty One."

By DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

OF TWO CITIES

"He might do worse," Ruth insisted. "To be the wife of Nana-aha is no mean honor."

"Nana-aha is a Lamanite," Leah reproved her. "'T would be a sacrifice indeed, to marry him that we might gain advantages. I think our days will be better now, for King Limhi is a godly man, and is striving hard to overcome the evil begun by his father, Noah. Our people are turning again to the God of Abinadi. Three seasons ago the Priests of Noah persuaded us to hold the festival to the god of the seasons as the Lamanites do. This season, when the guards celebrated it here, scarcely any of our people witnessed it.

"In our homes we call on the name of Jehovah."

"And small comfort it gives us," Ruth said, tossing her head in derision. "I would that Father should marry me to anyone, Lamanite or Nephite, who would give me the comfort we had in the days of King Noah. Ah, those were wonderful days," and she sighed regretfully.

"They were for some of us," another spoke up regretfully. "Would that King Limhi could find a way to escape the City, but with such strict guards it seems impossible. If our suffering is punishment, I wonder how long it will last?"

"I know not," Sarah volunteered. "Grandfather has always hoped someone from Zarahemla

would grow anxious about our fate and come to our rescue, but the Priest, Amulek, comes often to speak with Grandfather about God's dealings with his people at Jerusalem, from whence came Father Lehi and his family, and he says our troubles are scarce begun."

"Then by all that's holy," Ruth cried profanely, "I shall try what

the gods of the Lamanites can do for me, for I am utterly a weary with work and poverty."

THE girls gasped in horror, but she laughed defiantly and pointed to the gate they were approaching.

"Nana-aha and his soldiers guard this Once-great-City well.

It were better for a Nephite Maid to cherish their well-wishes than to waste prayers on a Jehovah who is afar off and hears not the cries of the oppressed."

They entered the gate. A huge opening in the massive wall through which twenty soldiers could have marched abreast. As they neared its inner line, Ruth laughed tantalizingly. "Most humble and obedient Maids of Nephi," she mocked, "bow your heads to Elohim, the Gods of your Fathers, while you aid the Lamanite gods to provide for their worshippers."

Ignoring her taunt, the girls passed into an immense stone building adjacent to the wall, used by the Lamanites as a barrack. Here they placed their baskets on a stone platform. The Lamanite in charge took each basket, measured the contents, half of which was emptied into an immense bin. While this was being done, a tall powerfully built Lamanite entered. A ripple of excitement ran over the group.



NANA-AHA, THE MIGHTY ONE

All the girls but Ruth dropped their veils, for was it not whispered about that The Mighty One looked with signal favor on the fair skinned daughters of Lehi and they had no wish to feel the scrutiny of his blazing black eyes.

The soldiers bowed low and Ruth prostrated herself in feigned meekness. If he read her purpose he ignored it, and with a swift glance over the group, crossed to the table where he stood silently and watched the dividing with keen eyes. When, in measuring Ruth's basket, Samuel seemed to favor her ever so little, he called sharply:

"Take care, Samuel."

Samuel's face flushed, but he bowed low. The girls passed out. "You may go hence," The Mighty One then said to his subordinate. "Nana-aha himself will watch here and see that all is well at the gate."

Thanking him profusely, Samuel hurried after the girls, who had not yet reached the inner wall. Nana-aha's eyes wandered from them to the gate and a sigh of dissatisfaction escaped him. How fair was the Daughter of Jared, and how cursedly proud her grandfather. Ah, but he could bide his time. He, Nana-aha, rightly called The Mighty One, had all power and all wealth; he could humble even Jared; someday like the dog he was, Jared would come whining at his feet. His thick lips curled, and his eyes gleamed exultantly.

THE herdsmen brought in their flocks and hurried them away to the sheds; seemingly the last of the laborers came through but still Nana-aha waited, pacing impatiently back and forth, his eyes ever on the gate.

Dusk came suddenly, and the guard made ready to swing the ponderous gate, when a maiden slipped out of the shadows and was at his side. She placed her basket on the table and turned with the grace and bearing of an Oriental queen. He reached toward her, but drew back sharply.

"Touch me not," she warned.

"The daughter of Jared is over-alert," he sneered.

"It is well," came her quiet reply, but she replaced the knife within her robe. "The Daughters of Lehi tread a path of danger."

She had not dropped her veil, and her blue eyes shone black with disdain; and the curls that hung

golden and damp about her face quivered with the intensity of her emotions. The vivid pulsing beauty of her ran like wild fire through his veins. His breath came short and heavy.

"Some day," he whispered, leaning toward her, "Some day, Zena, the Incomparable, shall be the bride of the Mighty One! Some day—mine."

"No, you are mistaken," she cried. "Grandfather would never give me in marriage to a Lamanite."

Nana-aha smiled.

"Of all the suitors who seek a

marriage contract with Jared, is there one more wealthy than Nana-aha?"

"None more wealthy," she answered, "but the Lamanite is—is—he has no belief in Jehovah, the God of our Fathers."

The Lamanite laughed shortly.

"If Jehovah be so powerful, why does he not answer the prayers of the Nephites? The gods of the Lamanites reward their prayers and sacrifices. Nana-aha is dark, but he wishes to take to wife the golden-haired Zena."

Through the palm that partly screened the entrance to the building the afterglow of the sunset stole faintly, and touching, softened the lines of his face and revealed the intense longing in his eyes. An icy hand seemed to clutch Zena. She must turn his thoughts.

"Have you not heard of Jehovah's promise to those who unite with the Lamanites? No? Then hear. To those who forget their God and marry an unbeliever, their skin shall become dark and their children shall be dark."

Her words affected him not at all.

"The promises of Jehovah are as nothing to the Mighty One," he answered evenly, "and I shall marry you, my beautiful one."

"The Maids of Laman are beautiful," she suggested.

"Beautiful, yea, but you are so fair. Your eyes have the blue of an evening sky; your hair holds the gleams that play on the golden etchings of your Temple towers; and your skin is like the pink and white of blossoms in the spring-time."

Zena was accustomed to admiring glances and heart flutters that accompanied the knowledge of possible suitors interviewing her Grandfather; but the bold, unconventional ways of the Lamanite confused and shamed her. She quickly dropped her veil and stepping toward the entrance said:

"Ruth, then."

The Lamanite laughed shortly.

"Even the Lamanite likes not to be pursued. No. It is Zena I want, and," grimly, "some day Jared, the Proud, shall beg the Lamanite to marry his daughter, that his people might suffer less."

A SENSE of helpless foreboding rushed over Zena. Turning quickly, she reached for

(Continued on page 703)



RUTH MAY FOX

From the warp and woof of days and nights woven into weeks and months and years upon which golden moments form the designs, we all make our lives—some short, some long. Ruth May Fox, President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, has been busy for many glorious, faith-filled years. Claire Stewart Boyer, a poetess of insight, gives us this interpretation.

(An Interpretation)

*SHE sat at her loom, a child of Fate,
Weaving the cloth of necessity,
But with the hours a pattern grew,
And her heart was high with melody.*

*At the loom of life she has held her place
With the winsomeness of nobility,
And through the rich, divining years
She has wrought a radiant tapestry.*

BACK and forth flew the shuttle, and because activity was so fascinating I scarcely saw the creation upon the loom. Suddenly the wonder of the whole, its structure, its color, its harmony, its purpose appalled me. I had been seeing a woman busy each day with the concerns of material and design, with the strategy of warp and woof and I had failed to see the product—a life of color, harmony and purpose.

But now it stretched itself before me as a tapestry on the wall of a temple and its beauties began to reveal themselves. There was a halo of shining white faith about the whole that glorified it. Faith has a way of etherealizing from one life and passing gently into the threads of other lives, making them more chaste and satisfying. But faith, crystallized in shining words, gives radiance, radiance to the giver and to the receiver.



After the first full splendor of the tapestry was mine, I looked more closely at its fabric. The warp was of classic restraint, true and strong. It had been in the family's possession for generations. There was a quiet dignity about it that seemed to say, I watched, I waited, I served so that the whole could be consistent and dependable.

For days and weeks and years the shuttle had rushed over and under the strands, weaving its

spirited woof of joy. A design that arose from revelation began to shape itself. In pure blue of open-mindedness, and rose of gratitude it blended into a royal harmony. Balance and symmetry made the pattern more pleasing. Conservative some might call it, but it elevated the soul. And through it all danced the rhythm of a singing heart.

The sheen of the morning was upon its surface and the delicacy of twilight was its texture.

"Rare fabric," one would say, "tapestry holding ancient truth in modern form."

"Vibrant," another might suggest, "pulsing with qualities that can never dull or tarnish."

"A symbol for all weavers," might be a just conclusion.

In a coming number of The Improvement Era President Fox will tell the story of her own walking across the Plains.

By CLAIRES STEWART BOYER



THE BLACK CROSSES OF THE GERMAN CEMETERY

FLANDERS

By JEAN

THERE has always been a certain web of romance woven about the old, old country of Flanders; one which showed itself in the tapestries and cloths which made the title "Flemish" famous long ago. The history of the gallant little people inhabiting the region, from their earliest beginnings, down through their heroism under the Spanish yoke, to their very recent spirited opposition to the German hordes of 1914, has always caught the fancy of the world. But perhaps the present generation will best remember Flanders as the land about which John McCrea's poem is written; I think that for many years to come the fields "where poppies blow" will be almost sacred in the minds of our youth.

It is now only sixteen years since on that memorable November Eleventh the Armistice was signed. How soon men forget! Forget the anguish, the heart-break, the animal-cruelty of war! Surely one who has walked over Flanders' Fields, who has bowed before the Unknown Soldier in any land begging forgiveness for even thinking War, who has seen War's widows and orphans and cripples and debts and world-wide despair and bankruptcy on this Armistice Day will dedicate himself to everlasting peace and brotherly kindness.

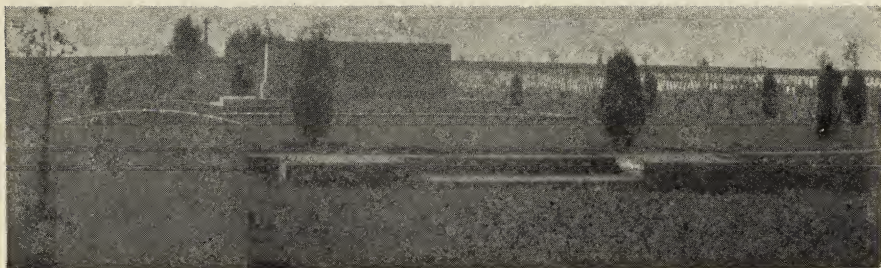
All have been touched by this Red Demon, scourge of mankind for ages. This article by one who had eyes to see and a heart to understand, we hope will assist us all in rededicating ourselves and all that we have to peace.

"God has made of one blood all nations for to dwell upon

Usually one is disappointed at first seeing some spot about which one has long read and thought, for the reality differs so greatly from the mental picture that has been formed, but my first sight of Flanders' Fields had no such effect. Poppies were blowing everywhere in fields of pastoral green; peasants, wearing wooden shoes and picturesque sunbonnets, worked in the fields or drove cattle down poplar-shaded lanes; it might almost have been a scene from one of the old Flemish tapestries which now bring such high prices from our more exclusive art dealers.

The occasion of this first sight of the famous fields was in the late





THE LARGE BRITISH CEMETERY HERE DESCRIBED

FIELDS

» »

MAGE

the earth." We wish our French, our English, our Dutch, our Flemish, our Austrian, our German, our Russian, our any Nationality, friends to know that. Those German crosses there in the fields may be black, but we know the brave-hearted men who lie beside them having only "a half a cross each" are as white as any. It was not their war, unless they had hate in their hearts. And, we presume, some of the white crosses may stand above similar emotions. They were but pawns moved on to the checker-board of war by personal ambition for power concentrated in a few misguided minds.

And so let us say to all—"Brothers, we are so sorry that you were swept away in a tornado of bitterness not of your own making, that so long as poppies blow in Flanders' Fields we will drive and drive and drive towards peace."

summer of 1931 when I was privileged to spend several months in the city of Lille, France, in the heart of Flanders and during those months my companion and I took advantage of every opportunity to see the country round about. Our first interests were, of course, the battlefield sections which I shall here attempt to describe, for any effort to tell all of the different phases of Flanders would be the province of a very long book, not of a short article.

One of our first visits was to the Aaras-Vimy Ridge country, one of the greatest battle-grounds of the war, which we set out to see in true French style, *a la bicyclette*. Near-

ing our destination, we were impressed by the strategic importance of a high ridge like "La Cote de Vimy" which loomed up ahead of us, evident to even such untrained minds as ours. In the midst of miles and miles of perfectly flat or very gently rolling country, it stands out big and black against the sky, overlooking and commanding scores of little towns scattered round about.

Just before we reached the hill we chanced upon a small Canadian war cemetery; as events proved, it was the first of many we were to see during that day and subsequent days. The stone-fenced plot, filled with grass-like green velvet was like

a spot of England. A severely simple white stone monument bearing the single inscription: "Their Name Liveth for Evermore" faced the entrance. This, and a large iron-centered white stone cross, are typical of every English and English-colonial war cemetery.

WHITE granite headstones, row upon row, close together, each with its maple leaf, its graven cross, and its inscription, filled the enclosure. The inscriptions read: "Here lies * * *," or often: "Believed to be buried here * * *," and sometimes even: "To a soldier of the great war—known unto God." At the bottom of the stone



was often an additional line, placed there, doubtless, at the behest of relatives: "Rest in Peace," "Greater Love Hath No Man * * *," and one I particularly remember: "To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die!" Who could want a finer epitaph?

Another small English cemetery not far away from this one has a unique beauty. It is simply a great shell hole, large enough to contain an apartment house, left unaltered save that English grass has been planted around the sides and bottom, and imbedded in the latter is the great stone cross usually found upright. A ring of flower bushes goes around the bottom while a rough wall of stones, gathered on the spot, encircles the top of the hole. One side of the wall is cemented and bears the names of all those buried, or believed to be buried, on that spot.

We saw literally dozens of war cemeteries of different nationalities during the next few weeks and each of them had a solemn impressiveness all its own, and while I shall not attempt to describe all, or even a large part of them, we shortly afterwards found three of the largest war cemeteries in existence to be in this neighborhood and I want to try to give you the impression that they gave to me.

The first one of the three we saw was a German cemetery containing 35,500 dead. The crosses are, of course, of black wood, as are all German crosses in Allied countries. The frontage of the plot is small, but it stretches back for nearly a mile, and the sight of this long

expanse of gently rolling plain covered by those black sticks, as though a curse had caused the growth of some savage weed on this one-time fertile soil, is as depressing as anything I have ever seen. When we drew nearer we found that each row of crosses, closely placed as they are, has to serve as marker for two rows of graves. Each side of each cross bears a name and a number and that is all.

One or two small and very unpretentious stone monuments standing in the field are neglected and in

poor repair. Worst of all, names, dates and addresses have been carved on them by boorish tourists. I felt a burning sense of shame when I found a number of them to be from the United States.

It was so different from a cemetery of one of the Allied countries. There was nothing of the beautiful, the peaceful or the reverent; only the harsh, cruel reality of death, of violent death, unwept and almost ignored. The boys sleeping there are indeed strangers in a strange land; forever far from home, with no possession but half a cross at each head and a scant sufficiency of bare ground, where not even poppies grow.

Even for an enemy it seems a hard fate.

A SHORT distance away is the French cemetery of La Targette, containing exactly the same number of dead, but presenting the most complete contrast possible. The ground on which it stands slopes gently upwards, throwing the far wall and tall cross into silhouette against the sky; a sky which, on the day of our visit, was as blue as indigo, broken only by a fleecy white cloud, while the rays of the declining sun threw a subtle radiance as a kind of halo over the entire scene. Over the long, orderly rows of trim white crosses climbing vines of red and white roses are growing, while several rows of weeping willow trees lend their mournful dignity to the picture. The graves of many colonial soldiers are marked by crescents instead of the usual crosses.

(Continued on page 668)

THE FRENCH CEMETERY OF La TARGETTE

A CANADIAN MONUMENT



AN OPEN LETTER

MR. REX BEACH,
Dear Rex:

Today I saw two pictures of you on the cover of a magazine, in one of which you are holding a fish pole; in the other you are smiling and, the reader is led to believe, saying—"Get a lift with a cigaret." My experience, from having worked and climbed mountains with smokers, inclines me to believe that you were quoted wrongly, if honestly.

In big, black letters in the advertisement, are these words: "Rex Beach explains how to get back vim and energy when 'Played Out'." Then you are quoted as saying, "... A cigaret gives me a sense of well-being and renewed energy."

Not only the men and women, but the boys and girls of America as well, have read those words.

Now, Rex, I am wondering if you really believe what you say? You may, of course, need the nicotine-blackened dollars great companies have with which to purchase your signature, and the signatures of many others who ought to be fine "for those who think they are fine."

Years ago I mushed with you over the Chilkoot Pass, in your great novels of the North. I canned salmon with you in "The Silver Horde;" built railroads in "The Iron Trail;" and ran the rivers in "The Spoilers." I even went to South, or was it Central America, with you in "The Ne'er do Well;" and to the bright lights in "The Auction Block."

In those days I thought you were a regular fellow—a partner to tie to. Those heroes of yours, though rough, were true to their code and to their pals.

I liked you so well that when my sons came along, I had them trail with you, too, never suspecting that you would sell out to an enemy along the way. For money, you tell those boys of mine, and even my daughter, that a cigaret makes you as "good as new."

I've tried to believe that you were deceived, but I can't. You are not ignorant. You know what tobacco does to the lungs. You've been on long enough trails to know that the boy and girl who depend upon a "lift from a cigaret" are depending upon a broken Alpenstock that is sure to let them down, when the going is rough.

A football coach, a friend of mine, said to me as we watched his men going through their first hard drill of the season: "Now, I will show you the smokers." He did. One by one those who had been depending upon a "lift" fell out, exhausted.

You sold out! In doing so you paved the way for cancer of the lips, the tongue, the larynx in thousands. You strengthened the holds of pneumonia, bronchitis, and other pulmonary ailments. You encouraged young men to spend their money to tear themselves down through cigarets when they might have spent it improving their minds and bodies.

Did you actually visualize millions of young people who have trailed with you, respected you, looked upon you as a clean guide to the great adventures, when you sold out? If you did, you're not the man your yarns led me to believe you are. If you did not, perhaps some day you'll understand your responsibility and place your integrity—your name beyond price.

Sincerely,

H. R. MERRILL,
Managing Editor.

P. S. Did you know that the ad-writer who bought your picture to distribute to millions would have these deceptive words follow your own statement: "And science adds confirmation of this refreshing energizing effect"? Here is a headline from a Salt Lake City daily dated October 18: "Stagg Fires Grid Star For Violating Rules—Veteran Coach Dismisses Star Back For Smoking."

A DAY OF TH

By IVAN C. JONES

MADAME FARGIER dragged herself up the stairs, every one of her sixty-seven years weighing heavily upon her. It was bad enough, she thought bitterly, to have to scrub cement floors of subway stations ten hours a day, without being obliged to climb seven flights of stairs to a dingy, crowded little room afterward.

Through the opened window on the landing came a breath of Spring air, spicy with the odors of the great markets only half a block away. Madame Fargier paused, letting her eyes sweep the slate roofs and chimney pots that shut her in from the great cosmopolitan city without. These Paris roofs had been her constant companions for thirty years. She hated them. She knew that she had grown to be like them—cold and hard and barren. And she knew that those grey roofs represented a sort of bondage, a repression, an obligatory isolation away from the world of light and gaiety she had known in her youth.

Stuck in the edge of her door she found a folded paper. "Humph!" she said as she saw it. "Those Americans have been here again. Why can't they leave a body alone, anyway? Coming clear over here with a religion we don't want, and pestering everybody with their old papers!"

She thrust the paper into her pocket, unlocked the door and entered the room.

It was a poor, narrow, long little room, looking like an overgrown closet. The steep roof cut the ceiling at the middle and carried it sharply almost to the floor. A window framed a bit of sky and other staring windows, and let in

a clanging medley of noises from the cobblestone street below. Before the window was a broken, bulging armchair with half of its padding missing. A low cot covered by patched and faded quilts

gilded the window ledge, Madame Fargier threw aside her shawl and after rummaging a moment in the mattress of her cot, drew out a small, bulging sack. With mumbling satisfaction she counted the contents, adding to it a small crumpled bill and three round silver coins. Then she tucked the sack back into the mattress, smoothed the bedding above it, and set about preparing her supper.

A chunk of bread, a bit of cheese, some soup that she heated over an oil lamp—that was the supper. She ate slowly, munching with a steady sort of precision, gathering up each crumb that chanced to fall, and frowning, as though unpleasant thoughts were her supper companions.

Indeed, unpleasant thoughts were her supper companions. Unaccustomed as she was to retrospection, old memories thronged about her bringing pictures from the past. And as she ate, two lines of bitterness deepened the corners of her mouth and her features tightened into a scowl.

FOR thirty years she had lived in squalid poverty, working, slaving, hoarding each piece of money she could get against the day when she could no longer work. She had shriveled into a solitary, crabbed old woman grubbing her livelihood like a mole from the dark, unwholesome underground because a husband to whom she had given ten years of her youth had robbed her of her illusions, her faith and her hope, and had then cast her aside. She had steeled herself against human kindness and companionship because of the faithlessness of those



THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS DIRECTING AROSE AND BEGAN SPEAKING . . . HIS EARNESTNESS AND SINCERITY WERE IMPRESSIVE.

filled one end of the room. In the other stood a wobbly table and stove, two up-ended packing boxes that served as a cupboard, and a long shelf with curtains hanging from it to conceal tattered odds and ends of clothing. The whole was dark with grime and smelled of insecticide.

Without a glance at the soft blue and yellow of the Spring sunset that colored the sky and faintly

ANKSGIVING

A Day of Thanksgiving—This story, written by a young man who has recently returned from the French Mission, will find echo in many hearts, especially among the converts to the Church.

she had trusted, and settled down to her unlovely existence with the stoic fortitude of the European peasant.

Tonight, however, as she sat there toying with her bread crumbs, her thoughts turned backward, feeling unconsciously that mellowness peculiar to Spring in Paris, she felt emotions stir in her that she had long believed dead. A loneliness welled up within her, a longing for companionship that her bitter cynicism had not entirely killed. Alone in a garret room at sixty-seven, Madame Fargier realized that her selfish, solitary life was unbearable.

Her eyes damp with self-pity, she fumbled in her pocket for her handkerchief. With it, she dragged out the folded paper she had thrust there when first she entered the room. Unfolding the paper, she spread it out upon her lap and commenced slowly reading it.

It was an ordinary-looking paper, but the title, standing out in large block letters struck forcibly: "A Religion for the Ordinary Man."

Two weeks before, the Americans had left a similar paper entitled, "The Necessity of a Religion." She had scoffed, torn it to bits and flung the scraps from the window. What need had she of religion? In her youth she had gone regularly to church, repeated her prayers, made her fasts and her offerings. Her recompense had been a life of suffering. She had struggled, for a while, against the growing resentment within her, and then she had shut God out of her life as she shut out her fellow beings.

"A Religion for the Ordinary Man," however, might be something new. With growing in-

terest she perused the small sheet.

"Religion," she read, "must reach into the interests of the ordinary man, satisfy his material needs as well as his spiritual needs, and assure him lasting happiness.



MADAME FARGIER ALMOST WISHED SHE COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO SAY.

... Religion must teach the true relationship between God the Father and man, His literal offspring, and show the ways by which man may approach God.

... Religion must provide comfort to the suffering, peace to the weary, hope to the discouraged, and faith to the disillusioned. . . Religion, to be practical and acceptable must reach to the heart of the ordinary man, oblivious of class or

wealth, feeding him, body and soul, and teaching him the ways to eternal life and eternal joy."

Madame Fargier read the tract a second time. Some of the material she could not understand, and much of it she was too perverse to accept. Yet, the bit of paper with its closely printed message soothed her, somehow.

At the bottom of the page she read:

Meetings held every Sunday at 4 o'clock, 164 Boulevard St. Germain, first floor.

"Humph," she grunted aloud. "They'll never get me into their meetings. I don't need their religion, I'm all right like I am."

At five minutes after four on Sunday afternoon, Madame Fargier poked her head through the door of a large room on the first floor of 164 Boulevard St. Germain. Everyone was engaged in lustily singing an unintelligible hymn, and she took a seat at the rear of the room.

The room was large and bare. A huge, weather-beaten picture of Eskimos on an ice floe decorated one wall, and across from it hung a framed certificate for athletic excellency. At the front of the room two large windows opened onto the Boulevard;

they were kept tightly closed to shut out the traffic noises outside. A hundred straw-bottomed chairs huddled in crooked rows, and some forty persons were scattered through them, at the moment studying hymn books.

Madame Fargier sniffed. "Not much of a place to worship in," she thought. Accustomed to seeing churches glowing with rich ornaments, candles and altars, this lowly room seemed particularly dingy to her.

(Continued on page 695)

Can Science and Religion be Harmonized?

By

WALDEMER P. READ

PEOPLE in every walk of life, and on most unexpected occasions, are asking this question. We hear it on the street car and the street corner. At the breakfast table and at luncheon—old men, young men, and even mere youths are discussing it seriously. In religious gatherings of all denominations, in schools of all ranks, in scientific and literary circles—everywhere, minds of great and low intelligence are struggling with the task. If universality of attention indicates the vitality of a problem, then surely none can claim greater significance for current thought than does this one—"Can Science and Religion be Harmonized?"

Not only are we all contributing our bit to this absorbing issue, but we are equally anxious to grasp the contributions of others. Especially are the utterances of the clergy and of the scientifically noted pounced upon for consumption.

But, pessimism as this may seem, all solutions and all efforts at solution usually fizzle out. Indeed, group discussions of the question usually end with some easy, question-begging solution that ignores the entire difficulty, or with the equally lazy assertion that, after all, science and religion need not be harmonized. The writer is prompted to take up the battle by motives born of his own personal experience. Empirically, as scores of people know, the problem is vital; it demands our attention. And it is not easy; it demands persistent effort.

It is not a disparagement of religion but a recognition of her essentially vital character, to assert that the need for conciliation between science and religion is a religious need, not shared by science. It is religion that is concerned with values; science is cold and unimpassioned. If there is a rift between the two, for science that incompatibility is merely another fact to be noted. But religion, not being a mere noter of facts but a quest for

Thoughtful Latter-day Saints and especially missionaries of the Church, will find this article by Professor Read, on the teaching staff at the University of Utah, a most stimulating experience. Professor Read is a sociologist by training and, therefore, acquainted with the processes which go to make up a society. He is the author of the Senior Manual—"A Quest For Complete Living."

value, is concerned with the possibility of bridging the gap. Science is a disinterested recorder; religion, a champion of the good life—a pursuer of ideals. And the conciliation of science and religion is an affair of value rather than of fact—it is an ideal.

It follows logically, therefore—although it is also an experienced fact—that the writer's motive in this essay is primarily religious. It is as a religious person that he experiences the need for harmonizing science and religion. He offers no other apology for discussing the need from the point of view of religion. But, further, it is as a Latter-day Saint that he experiences this need. This becomes his motive for discussing it from the special angle of the religion of the Latter-day Saints.

Indeed there are religions that involve no such problem. The entire difficulty is disposed of by a disdainful renunciation of science as the vain "wisdom of men." At the hands of babes and weaklings God is to accomplish His purposes. But such an attitude is foreign to the spirit of Mormonism. That He will choose as His servants those who are "not learned"—the meek and lowly—is declared. But it has also been the spirit of Mormonism that these weak and lowly vessels should become mighty and strong—and filled with much wisdom. The child of Bethlehem "grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom." He later stressed the importance of *knowing* the truth,

saying, "The truth shall make you free."

This strain in Christianity has received emphasis in Mormonism, as witness:

"The glory of God is intelligence * * light and truth.

"If a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life * * * than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

"It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance."

IT is needless to argue about the interpretation of these passages. Their influence upon Mormonism is traditionally patent. It amounts to a definite scientific leaning. This tendency in Mormonism has been significantly symbolized by the words *Joseph Smith as a Scientist*—the title of a book regarded by most Latter-day Saints as a tribute both to the man and to the Church. "As a scientist," the writer recently heard a prominent church-member say, "I have read the *Book of Doctrine and Covenants* and found it up to date in every particular." Indeed, it would not seem an exaggeration to many to characterize this scientific note in Mormon thought as amounting to a bid for scientific recognition. *The Scientific Aspect of Mormonism* is another book which betrays this tendency—and which probably enjoyed much of its popularity in Mormon circles by reason of its title. It seems needless to suggest other of the numerous examples that could be cited in this connection. The point is: Mormonism

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Let's Talk About Personality

By MILDRED BAKER

See September and preceding numbers for earlier installments of this series on personality.



PART IV

EACH phase of personal development is dependent on every other one. This interdependence is the element in personality that gives balance. When there is lack of adjustment in any phase, we say a personality is not well balanced or that he or she is eccentric meaning, literally, "off-center." An outstanding characteristic of proper mental adjustment, is an ability to make decisions. After an individual has made a decision, he determines to see it through and he persists until the goal is reached, if he is well adjusted mentally. Persons less well adjusted mentally will often be deficient in one or more of the qualities mentioned. He may be able to make decisions, he may determine to carry them out but lack the persistence to finish the job. Or he may be unable to decide anything for or by himself. Another person may be emotionally immature. He often behaves in a most childish manner, doing as he wishes regardless of consequences and for no other reason than that he happens to want to do it. Logic, reason, means little or nothing to him. He entertains all sorts of prejudices. What he considers as "individuality" in himself, or a favored one, he often sees as a fault in others. Conduct that he condones in himself, he would criticize severely in other members of his family. Such attitudes render difficult the task of formulating and

adhering to a practicable and satisfactory code of morals and each individual is compelled during the process of development, to face the question of personal morals.

How are you and I handling our individual problem? What are our personal concepts of morality? And finally, and of paramount importance, is your answer to the question, what can I do to help my children to avoid moral confusion? I doubt that it can be done by setting oneself up arbitrarily as a judge.

When it comes to the age old question of what is right and what is wrong, it is for us as individuals to make our own decisions and it is for us, as parents, to help and encourage our children to make the best possible decisions in the light of our wider experience. The question of moral rectitude is largely a relative matter and wise indeed is the parent or teacher who can help children and young people to appreciate the fact that it is often quite a difficult matter for every adult, be he rich or poor, parent or teacher, to know at all times what is right and what is wrong and furthermore, that every adult who has ever lived or ever will live, has made many grievous mistakes, in spite of his efforts to avoid them. Youth should know, although I surmise they have long suspected, that if adults were frankly honest, they would admit that it requires just as rigid and constant endeavor on their part, as on the part of youth, to know what is right and

what is wrong, what is good and what is bad. Deep is the insight of the parent who can say to a boy or girl, "I have to try just as constantly and just as diligently as you, to know what is right and what is not. And I, like you, often make mistakes. But let us try together. Perhaps I can help you and I'm sure you can help me." I sorrow for the parent who says, "I know best. You will obey me." Requiring unquestioning obedience from children and youth is like taking a trellis from a vine and expecting it to climb. Great is the shock and bitter the disappointment of the child who learns that the parent whose judgment he never questioned, whose superior knowledge he did not doubt, was, even as he himself, prone to error. Conversely, the wise parent who helps a child to make its own decisions, who discusses life and its problems from the child's own point of view, gains the undying confidence, the respect and the love of that child. Even though we are parents and the heads of our respective households, we cannot afford to risk destroying the confidence of our children by assuming an infallibility that does not become us.

IT is not our province to assume a dictatorship in our homes nor to hue rigidly to a set and unalterable code of morals. The parent who, in his dogged determination to preserve a high standard of morality

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BROKEN CIRCUIT

By FRED K. BARBER



STANDING AT THE WINDOW—CAREFULLY BACK WHERE SHE WOULD BE UNOBSERVED—SHE WATCHED RICK'S ARROGANT SHOULDERS AS HE GOT INTO THE TAXI

VELMA admitted that it had all been very silly. Angry as she was, she was level-headed enough to admit that. Standing at the window—carefully back where she would be unobserved—she watched Rick's arrogant shoulders as he got into the taxi, and it came bitterly home to her that in six months of married life this was their first quarrel.

It might well be their last—words had tumbled scathing and ruthless from their lips, and her parting sentence, flung wildly at his defiant young back, had been:

"I don't care if you never come home!"

She was quite sure at the time, she meant that. She was trembling from spent emotion as she turned from the window, and her eyes were touched with the grey of scudding March clouds.

They had been so madly in love; and at the same time it had been a carefully planned marriage. For two years they had waited, until he had earned his commercial license, and got a job.

She had saved too, and the little cottage was more than half paid for. Entirely theirs was the car and radio. (An expensive, but entirely necessary luxury for them, that short-wave radio.) And now the

grass rifled green under the spring breeze that swept their handkerchief of a lawn; the rambler trailed up the lattice at the cozy side door, while tulips had already laughed in the sunshine and gone.

Velma drew a frilled cap over her bright head and attacked the front room rugs with the vacuum cleaner. After all, just how had it begun? They had vowed at the start never to fuss or nag over the trivial things that upset most married lives.

It had seemed easy at first, especially with Rick gone for two days at a time—endless days, with both of them counting the hours until his return.

Little things it had been, bringing the quarrel to a head at last. She had tried hard to be good-natured when he used her comb—

it seemed impossible for him to keep track of his—and the oil he left stained the fluffy corn silk of her own blondness.

She knew too, that he abhorred more than the faintest suggestion of lipstick. But it had been part of her code of feminine independence, not to allow any man to dictate in regard to such matters, even though Rick had once or twice refused to kiss her in consequence.

THIS morning he had left their bedroom resembling the scene of a California earthquake, after she had so painstakingly arranged it the day before. He did that, when he was in a hurry.

But it was the photograph that had fanned the smoldering sparks into lurid flame. A photograph the counterpart of this one, Velma thought as she moved it to dust the radio top, of Rick in his flying togs, the pegged breeches revealing the slim straightness of his legs; and his freckled grin showing the even gleam of teeth below the touse of flaming hair.

She loved that picture of Rick, had gone with him when it was taken not long before they'd become engaged. Now—she didn't recall how the matter had come up—he had told her of giving a copy to a girl in Cheyenne.

There was nothing wrong in that, it had happened long ago; and he had known the girl before he'd met Velma. Perhaps that very fact had goaded her to demand spitefully he get the picture back. Angriely he had refused, the storm had burst around them, and finally Rick had called a cab rather than have her drive him to the airport.

By the smart little banjo clock, she saw it was time to tune in on



the weather report. As she reached for the switch, her lips pressed together as at a sudden thought, and with a toss of her head, she went out to the kitchen. Why should she be concerned with the sort of trip Rick had? She wouldn't listen to his reports, either!

For that was the reason they had bought the expensive, short-wave set, so Velma could pick up the airways broadcast, hear the orders issued by the chief operator, catch her husband's replies and so follow his flights.

That afternoon she went to a movie, and all evening she kept the dials on long-wave programs.

But in the morning she scanned the paper. As her eyes lowered to the bottom of the page, the weather forecast stared at her. A storm was predicted. With a shrug she turned to the advertisement of a dress sale at a local store.

At noon she was busy in the kitchen, telling herself firmly that she didn't care in what sort of weather Rick would leave Cheyenne at eleven o'clock that night. She supposed he knew lots of girls in Cheyenne!

It had been her accusation that he still cared for the girl, that had made his blue eyes blaze furiously. Even at the time she had known it unfair. No one was more loyal than Rick.

With a wry smile that she really loved him so much, she snapped the switch to tune in the noon forecast.

OVER COLUMBUS HE REPORTED THAT HE WAS FLYING BLIND! THAT MEANT THE DUST WAS SO THICK HE COULD NO LONGER SEE AT ALL AND WAS FLYING ENTIRELY BY INSTRUMENT!

HIGH wind was sweeping the plains. At this time of year that meant dust. A little pucker appeared between her eyes as she went to the window, for outside the lilac tops bent low. It would be worse, farther west.

It was foolish of her to hold any fear, of course, for the equipment carried by passenger planes—added within the last year or so—made accidents nearly impossible. Rick was safer at the controls of his plane, during a dust storm especially, than he would be driving their red-wheeled coupe.

So she reassured herself. But there was something else that preyed on her mind. Rick had gone away angry and hurt, with her insane declaration ringing in his ears. He wouldn't know—if anything *did* happen—if he were killed—!

The afternoon and evening dragged, and outside the wind whipped eerily under the eaves. Twice she called the airport, to learn that a fierce dust storm was sweeping the sand hills of western Nebraska, flinging its yellow murk down over the North Platte valley.

At eleven she was tuned in on the short-waves, listening to Rick's departure from Cheyenne. Heard him report over Sidney:

"Lawrence in 248 eastbound.

Over Sidney at sixteen hundred feet. Weather dirty. Ceiling limited, visibility—practically none. Okay, go ahead."

Then the voice of the chief operator:

"Okay Lawrence. Over Sidney at sixteen hundred. Omaha weather overcast, two thousand foot ceiling, visibility two miles, wind north forty miles an hour, temperature forty-eight, barometer—"

Tensely she clung near the radio, in the arm chair under the reading lamp, the words forming a vague blur. The hours passed, as she listened for any word from the ground stations, concerning the weather and conditions ahead of Lawrence in 248.

Over North Platte she heard him ask for the emergency beacon light, which meant the dust storm was so thick that it was with difficulty he located the field.

Then, at Grand Island, his co-pilot Smith was taken violently ill, and Rick dropped him at the field where a hospital ambulance was called. Surely, Velma thought, they wouldn't expect Rick to come on alone.

There were no passengers, and orders from Omaha were to bring the empty crate in. Over Columbus he reported that he was flying blind! That meant the dust was so thick he could no longer see at all, and was flying entirely by instrument!

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THE GREAT AMERICAN DISEASE

By MABLE A. HINKHOUSE

I LIVE at the edge of a town or city—which ever you might call it—which at one time not long ago was conveniently listed as having a population of 153,153. The house where I reside is just outside the city limits, and across the street is another house where live two charming neighbor children, Jimmie and Jean. They like to call across the street to me, asking me questions, begging me to come over, etc. But even though it is just across the street, we find it very difficult to carry on a bit of conversation.

Why? Because so many cars whirl by each hour and minute—day and night. When I first moved to this place, I could hardly sleep because the cars passed by so constantly at all hours of the night. I used to wonder why there were so many, where they were all going, and where they came from. But it is small wonder when we learn that in this fair land of ours there are twenty-six million registered vehicles—an average of one car to every five people.

With such an average, all America could ride on rubber tires at the same time. But taking the world as a whole, there is only one auto-

Have you this dread disease—Speeditis? If so, begin at once upon a cure. I was riding with a gentleman the other day. We had plenty of time, but because his car took the road nicely he was traveling at a sixty mile clip until I called his attention to the speedometer. Let's slow down and live.

mobile to every fifty or sixty people. We have more motor vehicles in the United States than in all the rest of the world put together. We consume four times as much electricity as any other country, have four times as many telephones, and four times as many radios. In air-transportation, there are more miles flown, more passengers and mail carried on the scheduled lines of the United States than on all the other lines of the world combined.

We own half the machinery in the world—in fact we are said to be the machinery masters of the world. Ours is a radio-automobile-frigidaire standard of living. Ours is a world on wings and wheels—automobiles, airplanes, trucks, busses, street cars, trains, ambulances, fire engines—which rushes by with disturbing noise and mechanical unrest.

Americans have more time-saving devices than any other people in the world, and yet we have less

time. As a nation we lack the gracious sense of leisure. "Hurry" is our middle name. Hustle is the thing. The man of the hour is the man out of breath. We must pass the other fellow, we must surpass our own record, we must exhibit a swagger of speed. This spirit has resulted in the great American disease—*Speeditis*—speed maniacs afflicted with motormanias.

Walking has become a lost art; the horse and buggy are obsolete. They are much too slow. We get no exercise; many even play by proxy through the movies, by the automobile, and sitting in grandstands.

This feverish, restless, hurried feeling permeates the populace. People have so many places to go that they are always in a rush. They flit from place to place, dabbling in this and that, a smattering here and there, bringing things to completion without completeness. Everyone is in the act of leaving



-SPEEDITIS

something half done in order to tackle something else and in turn leave it half done. We are constantly rushing from one point to another, giving the impression of always wanting to be where we aren't. We can't get anywhere fast enough to satisfy us. We go almost any place to keep from staying where we are. And when we reach our destination, we have nothing to do. We are head over heels in nothing.

MEN grow restless and impatient at a moment's delay. They take chances to save seconds. "Simply rushed to death," they say. "Step on the gas," and "Make it snappy," they cry. The lunch must be hastily gulped down, the story must be short, the music must be jazzy, the journey must be swift. They go along pushing, jostling, shoving, trampling on toes, poking in ribs, exchanging black looks, grumbling if they miss one section of a revolving door.

They drive furiously down the street, and fret because the traffic light has just turned "red." When the "green" or GO signal is turned on, they dash down the street at fifty miles an hour, and because the lights are timed to fifteen instead of fifty, they arrive all too soon and have to wait again. What was the use to hurry?

And if people actually do save a few seconds here and there without getting killed, what do they do

Too Busy to Live—

(Commended to Persons Afflicted
With Huryitis.)

HE hadn't time to greet the day,
He hadn't time to laugh or play;
He hadn't time to wait a while,
He hadn't time to give a smile;
He hadn't time to glean the news,
He hadn't time to dream or muse;
He hadn't time to train his mind,
He hadn't time to be just kind;
He hadn't time to see a joke,
He hadn't time to write his folk;
He hadn't time to eat a meal,
He hadn't time to deeply feel;
He hadn't time to take a rest,
He hadn't time to act his best;
He hadn't time to help a cause,
He hadn't time to make a pause;
He hadn't time to pen a note,
He hadn't time to cast a vote;
He hadn't time to sing a song,
He hadn't time to right a wrong;
He hadn't time to send a gift,
He hadn't time to practise thrift.
He hadn't time to exercise,
He hadn't time to scan the skies;
He hadn't time to heed a cry,
He hadn't time to say goodbye;
He hadn't time to study noise,
He hadn't time to repress noise;
He hadn't time to go abroad,
He hadn't time to serve his God;
He hadn't time to lend or give,
He hadn't time to really live;
He hadn't time to read this verse,
He hadn't time—he's in a hurry.
—Grenville Kleiser in the *Detroit Free Press*. Used by permission.

with it? "We dive for an elevator to save one-tenth of a minute in getting to our desks," confesses one man, "and then we waste twenty minutes telling stories."

And there is the incident of the Frenchman who was visiting in

this country. One morning he and his host raced madly for the street car, swinging aboard breathlessly just as it left the corner. "We saved two minutes by catching this car," panted the host. To which the Frenchman replied, "And what will we do with it?"

Funnyman Will Rogers puts it this way: "America's whole ingenuity is spent in hurrying you to get somewhere, so you will have more time to study up some other places to go. * * * We ain't getting anywhere, but we're having lots of fun thinking we are."

We dread the tasks of tomorrow so much that we neglect the tasks of today and thus never "catch up." Many times we are like the old lady who awoke one Monday morning saying, "Dear me, this is Monday, tomorrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone and nothing done."

The fast tempo of living is reflected in the very heartbeat of man. Men's hearts actually beat faster than they once did—ten beats to the minute faster. One writer has said that we are living in an age when people have forgotten how to keep still for even a short time. "If they sit, they rock." "If they stand, they chew." "If they travel, it must be furiously." "If they tarry, it must be restlessly."

Smash-ups

SPEED-LIMIT living inevitably results in smashups—either of
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The "Secret" Cancer Cure

From

Medical Staff and Health Service
of the Brigham Young University



EVERY community has its "weather prophet" who predicts an on-coming storm " * * * by the feel in my bones," or " * * * by the way my rheumatiz is actin' up." Boyhood recollections leave many of us impressed that no weather prophet without his own "rheumatiz" could possibly have a claim to veracity.

Another treasured community possession of many localities is the individual with a family heir-loom "secret" cancer cure. Such applications are most often spoken of as "herbs," or "herb salves;" and invariably superstitious tradition has them remove the offending growth "by the roots."

The name "cancer," which is a general term covering numerous individual types of malignant growths, goes far back into antiquity. Cancer was one term for the crab, which the malignant growths were supposed to resemble. It was thought such a tumor had numerous "roots," like the animals' legs, which were extended deeply into tissues of one's body. This idea of roots probably grew out of the complete ignorance of that time concerning body structure; and from the observation that a cancer beginning in one part of the body, such as lip, tongue, or face, would eventually destroy life by attacking some remote region, as an abdominal organ. Today, we know that a malignant tumor is simply an aggregation of cells gone wild, so to speak. Just as gangsters, tiring of orderly, reasonable living, cease to function as citizens and take what they desire by force, often at expense of life and limb to other units of the social group, so the cells that comprise a cancerous growth discard all forms of useful function for growth and multiplication alone. They become outlaw parasites, extracting

life-giving nutriment from those useful cells in their vicinity and eventually crowding them out of existence.

As enlarging ganster organizations divide and establish "branches" in other cities where there is promise of profit and easy living, so masses of cells break off the rapidly growing malignant tumor and travel by lymph or blood highways to other structures, as liver, stomach, brain, or spine, and start up secondary cancers that hasten the destruction of life.

Modern knowledge readily demonstrates there are no such things as "roots" to a cancer. Consequently the seemingly common notion that applying cancer salve to an offending growth is like touching an attached wood tick with a hot needle, and causes it to withdraw its tentacles so it may be herded into a bottle, is no longer held by those claiming even ordinary intelligence.

FAR from being new, or in any way unexploited, cancer salves were used as far back as 1550 B. C. They are talked of in the Ebers Papyrus. From that time to this, medical literature contains frequent discussions of them. Actually too, the term "herb" is a misnomer, when applied to them. While some vegetable substances may enter into preparation of the vehicles, the active ingredient of

every cancer salve is some member from the class of tissue destroyers known in medical language as *escharotics*. Among these, *arsenic* holds first place and is most commonly used for the purpose. Next in popularity is *zinc chloride*. The list also includes *sulphuric acid*, *nitric acid*, *hydrochloric acid*, *glacial acetic acid*, *antimony*, *caustic soda*, *caustic potash*, and other like substances having local destructive action.

Actually such materials have no specific effect upon cancer cells alone, but attack both normal and abnormal alike. Their destroying activity usually produces a mass of dead tissue, called in medicine a *slough*. This constitutes the "cancer" removed by the active ingredient of the particular salve used and is the specimen exhibited in a bottle.

Naturally, diagnosis of a malignant tumor is the first step of great importance. Early determination of whether a given growth actually is cancer, frequently taxes the conscientious efforts of the best trained experts in such work. It involves a precise and ready recognition, under the microscope, of every type of cell in the human body's makeup. A carefully trained understanding of sites of occurrence, types of cell change, habits of activity, appearance, and symptoms, of the many classes of malignant growth is of utmost necessity. With all this, and the most painstaking labor on the part of a physician, mistakes are still occasionally made.

How important then is it that those who administer treatment to such conditions, whether it is "cancer salve" or surgery and X-ray or radium, should be well trained and prepared to safeguard the welfare of those whom they attempt to treat. When doctors, because of having nothing better, were given to the use of these applications in treatment of cancer, the knowledge of tumors also was meagre, and mistaken diagnosis in

early cases was much more common than it is today.

Several undesirable or even tragic things attach to use of cancer salves by untrained and often sorely ignorant persons. To begin with, treatment is frequently applied to benign conditions which are not cancerous and would probably never become so, and these are labelled as cures by both victim and one applying treatment. The action is often painful, and hence needless suffering is occasioned. Also scarring is produced beyond what is necessary, if other more controllable methods are used.

ANY cancer which has gone deeply into the tissues *cannot be cured in this way*, and the delay occasioned by trying such treatment often allows spread of the cancer cells to other parts with consequent prolonged suffering and inevitable death. It has been said too that use of the escharotic agents stimulates or promotes more rapid spread of a cancer lesion. Finally, because of the great difficulty in controlling action of an escharotic, serious and even crippling deformities may be produced. Thus Dr. Daniel Thomas Quigley, in his book on the conquest of cancer, relates how the father and sole support of a family had his hands hopelessly crippled, through destruction of the tendons by use of a cancer salve upon what was not cancer at all, but merely a case of keratosis, common in those of middle age and beyond. Another victim had a hole eaten through his neck into trachea and esophagus, which caused unsightly deformity, as well as constituting a constant

threat to his life. Very few physicians spend many years in the practice of medicine without seeing one or more patients with serious deformity, and at least a few deaths, from ignorant use of the "secret" cancer cure.

Most lay people who set themselves up to use such agencies sincerely desire to help those in trouble. However, their ignorance of factors with which they are unknowingly dealing is fraught with serious danger for the unfortunates who come under their influence.

We do not wish to convey the impression that the escharotic agents are entirely without value in dealing with cancer, because such is not true. Where a growth is on the surface, and thin, such treatment is perfectly capable of destroying it and effecting a cure. A few physicians still resort to this means. The uncontrollable action, destruction of normal and abnormal tissues alike, the inability to reach portions of the tumor extending more deeply into normal tissues, the inordinate scarring, their tendency to induce scattering of cancer cells from the primary site to other parts of the body, and danger of eating into arteries to produce serious hemorrhage, constitute factors that have caused medical men to discard their use.

Considering the life and health significance of these points, it is solely depressing to observe some person, wholly or largely innocent of scientific information concerning the human body and its health, representing himself as endowed by inheritance, or religious affiliations and fervor, with some "secret" cure for that most insidious and most

dreaded of diseases affecting the human body. To his fettered mind, every nodule or elevation presenting itself is a cancer and must have immediate destruction. Most of his tumors are naturally benign and cause no serious trouble, even in face of the caustics applied. Notwithstanding that, these too are listed as "sures," serving to widen the purveyor's circle of influence, and to impress his superstitious followers.

Most human beings demand a certain amount of the magic and mysterious in any system applied to their health, hence the "secret" power to stir their imaginations and cause many who are otherwise intelligent to resign themselves sheeplike into the hand of the one providing the most arresting "line."

Perhaps human nature will always be the same, but in the matter of cancer, we should come soon to realize, with Dr. Quigley, that: "Paste treatments,* then, should only be used in the hands of the most expert person. In order to use paste treatment properly and scientifically the person must be as well educated and as highly skilled as the most highly skilled surgeon, as the disease is curable by paste only in the earliest stages, and as the scar left even in favorable cases is unsightly and annoying, it is quite evident that the skilled medical man would practically never find a case in which he would use this method of treatment. There is no field, then, in medicine for treatment of malignant diseases by chemical caustics."

*A medical term for all cancer salve applications.

President Charles H. Hart

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which was admirable. This was his chief quality by which he won men to truth. It made him loved by the people. The loveliness of the man is shown in his family circle. His first wife was the mother of eleven children, five daughters and six sons. His great desire was to educate them all, and this he did. Every one of his sons is a graduate of some famed American university. His daughters

were all educated at the University of Utah, his own Alma Mater. After the death of his first wife, Adelia Greenhalgh, a most estimable and beautiful woman, President Hart some two years later, married Lalene Hendricks, who through the long months of his illness, nursed him day and night, and during his last sad days, she was his ever devoted attendant.

ELDER HART was by nature shy, almost timid at times. Yet he never was afraid to take a stand for the right. In fact this was one of the impressive things of his character. In difficult places

or in sorrow, his courage was equal to every occasion. His natural cheerfulness was always expressed in kind words to neighbors and friends. When his two eldest daughters were taken in their young womanhood, it was a great sorrow to him, yet his sadness ended in understanding.

His death was peaceful. To the last, his faithful wife and little Mary Lalene cheered him by their presence. In all his life, he did his duty. His death was serene. He died beloved by all the people and friends who knew him. In Him he reached out into a truer and fuller life.

Broken Circuit

(Continued from page 663)

SHE sat in horrified numbness—it seemed so much worse for him to be out there alone. She realized how terribly much she loved him—how awful—if anything happened—

Would he forget their quarrel and say something to her over Fremont as he ordinarily did? "Hello honey," or "Put on the soup Velma, be home in a few minutes."

He was due in Omaha at thirty-three, and usually she set the alarm for three, just in time to catch his message. Tonight she hadn't set the alarm—she was staying up!

But over Fremont Rick failed to report. One—two—three minutes Velma watched the banjo clock. He was always punctual to the second.

Once and again, then a third time she heard the operator call: "Hello, Lawrence. Lawrence in 248 over Fremont! Hello Lawrence!"

No reply.

Static was barging in, interfering. Velma jumped to her feet to get closer to the loudspeaker. In so doing she tripped over the small rug beside the set. Kneeling, she bent her head close, intent to catch every syllable.

The operator's voice had ceased, and she discovered that the instrument was dead. She turned up the volume, clicked the switch, twisted the dials frantically. Something was wrong out there over Fremont



Photo by Davis.
OLD MAN THANKSGIVING

in that swirling expanse of dust and sky and wind! She had to find out!

She rushed to the telephone, then the thought struck her that if there were trouble, her call might only delay sending aid. Slipping into a coat, hatless, she hurriedly backed the car from the garage.

The drive to the field was a slow nightmare. Even then, her frayed senses recorded that the night had cleared, the wind was dying down. Odd, that the weather should be so unsettled as near as Fremont.

As she arrived at the airfield, in the powerful glare of the spotlight a brilliantly lighted ship

taxied up the runway. With gasping relief she recognized the trim figure which alighted.

Rick waved, and when he'd checked in, came running to the coupe.

"Glad you showed up," he said, half-shamefacedly. "I thought maybe you meant what you said yesterday morning. Was going to stay with Barry Thompson. Sorry I acted like a chump!"

"I'm sorry too, dear," she admitted, backing the coupe around. "Did you have trouble over Fremont?"

"Late calling in. Forgot, until the operator jogged me out of it. Get's lonesome for one. Poor Smith—he's a sick lad. Appendicitis."

Velma was thinking rapidly. "Then you wouldn't have come home, if I hadn't been there?"

"Gee, no. I was all busted up. Thinking about getting a job on the coast."

She reflected that if the radio had continued to work, she wouldn't have been there.

When they arrived home Rick tried to get some early morning dance music.

"Some darn fool's pulled out the wall plug!" he grumbled, replacing it.

Velma looked down, puzzled. Then she understood. There wasn't any little rug beside the radio. She'd sent it to be cleaned.

"Oh, Rick—" It was a funny little laugh.

Then, to his surprise, she suddenly was in his arms.

Flanders Fields

(Continued from page 656)

It appears to be a vision more than a reality. One senses that here are men at home; their labor done, they rest amidst the scenes they knew so well. The wartime nightmare passed, their days retake their wonted course and the cattle, the wagon carts, the farmer boys, and the peasant women pass close by, engaged in their accustomed tasks, while those within the flower-strewn plot rest in peaceful, silent reverie, as though, fatigued by the day's toil, they had sunk to earth for a moment's rest.

And who deserves rest more? *In pace requiescat!*

The largest British cemetery of the nation lies close by. It is smaller than the others, containing 7,200 dead, for the English built many small cemeteries, on the spots where the men fell, instead of collecting the dead in larger plots, but it is scarcely less impressive.

A dome of mosque-like architecture stands over the entrance. To the left and right as one enters extend the white stone markers, carefully arranged, and straight ahead stretches a broad green aisle broken only by the stone block with its inscription: "Their Name Liveth for Evermore," and at the far end by the stone-and-metal cross the velvety carpet of English grass spread everywhere brings back memories of the cricket field,

and the so-English sense of order and unhurried repose is in such strength that one may partly close one's eyes and imagine the white stone slabs to be the players resting during the "tea interval." And one feels sure that they died as they lived and fought, disdaining any action that was "not quite cricket, you know."

The graven words telling that the plot of ground has been freely given by the French people to the Dead who lie within are more than an empty phrase, for They, like Rupert Brooke, so lie that "this corner of some foreign field shall be forever England."

Until play recommence * * *

Nearby, on a high, round hill, stands the war memorial of Notre

Dame de Lorette. There is a cemetery there, too, and several monumental buildings. In one, grouped together, lie not one but hundreds of Unknown Soldiers, with an Eternal Flame burning at their feet.

But in visiting these many cemeteries we have wandered far from Vimy Ridge, our original objective, and I propose that we return there without further delay.

Most of the actual battlefields have been completely reclaimed and only the name remains, but Vimy Ridge stands today almost untouched since the war. The hill is literally stuffed with "dud" shells and any extensive reclamation work has been found to be too dangerous to attempt, although it is being carried on slowly and cautiously all the time. Grass, bushes and wildflowers are slowly obscuring the jagged scars everywhere present, but even grass refuses to cover the torn hillsides completely. The ground was so badly torn that we could not think of riding over the most part of it (save on the one paved highway that has been built there for tourist transportation) and even walking was only accomplished with considerable difficulty. Shell holes one hundred feet deep are not uncommon, and even tourists have not yet carried away the rusty remnants of the barbed wire barriers.

THE main front line trenches of the two armies, entirely cemented in, stand as they stood in April, 1917, at the time of the heaviest fighting. Standing in the Canadian

trench, and hampered as my movements were by the head-high wall before and behind me, I was easily able to throw a large stone into the German trench. What a living hell life must have been under those conditions we can only imagine—and thank our lucky stars we did not have to live through it. Home-made as well as regulation hand grenades were constantly being thrown from trench to trench and they say that it was common to send parties from one trench to tunnel under and blow up portions of the other; not infrequently enemy tunneling parties met and fought it out to the death in theinky blackness underground!

From the top of the hill the sight of the countryside affords a most eloquent evidence of the effects of the war. In France and Belgium one becomes accustomed to seeing old houses, old churches, old buildings of every kind. From the tops of the hills in this region one sees only new houses, new buildings. Fresh red brick glares everywhere in mute evidence of the destruction wrought by the war.

Scattered throughout the land of Flanders are similar spots. On the other side of Lille from Vimy, near Ypres, Belgium, the famous "Hill 60" presents a scene very like that at the Ridge, and both are becoming little more than curiosities for sightseers. Battlefields and war cemeteries are so numerous that they pass almost unnoticed and few save those whose loved ones fought and are buried on each particular spot pause to think of what they mean.

Monuments and statues abound. One stands on the road between Ypres and Nieuport showing with gripping realism the spot where poison gas was first used for the wholesale destruction of mankind. The image of that stone soldier clutching at his throat, gasping in the agony of suffocation, will stay in mind always! Many others are scarcely less impressive. No town is so small that it has not its

monument for those of its sons who are "Morts Pour la Patrie" and no monument is too small to carry many dozens, often many hundreds of names.

BIG cities, even big, fashionable resorts, such as Malo-les-Bains and Ostend, exist; like any other region, Flanders has its many component parts, but I am here attempting only to tell of the fields of the recent war where so many valiant dead lie buried and where poppies still staunchly blow in their memory. And where an old, old people come daily forth from its new brick dwelling to turn its blue-grey eyes toward the horizon, grasp its plow handles in its hands and go on working the land as it has done for centuries, each person working a little harder to make up for those who once worked in those same fields but who now can only sleep there.

That romantic spell of Flanders has fallen upon me, and now often when it is raining and the light of day begins to fade, I think of a spot near a bend in a country road where I sat one evening under a tree, waiting for a shower to pass, and from where I could see green fields stretching away on every hand, with hundreds of poppies showing like splashes of blood in the false light of the fading day. On the brow of a hill nearby stood a little war cemetery, the tall cross in its center thrown against a patch of sunset gold in the heavy grey sky. Along the road winding down the hillside came three rough ox-drawn peasant's carts, a man walking at the head of each, and by the side of the first one walked a girl singing the "Ave Maria" in a clear soprano voice * * * As perfect a picture of peace as ever an artist might have painted.

Sitting thus and thinking, I feel a desire to return, to see it all again, to sense that spirit of peace in a country where the sound of cannons has scarcely ceased to echo; and where it may anytime recommence.

In Flanders' Fields the poppies still blow, and beneath their roots lie many thousands who knew this peaceful land as one of ghastly horror and who marveled at those same poppies when they were spots of beauty in the midst of an ugly wilderness.



IS THIS LAD AMONG HIS PUMPKINS BEING REARED FOR A "FLANDERS FIELDS?"

The Great American Disease, Speeditis

(Continued from page 665)

nerves or cars, or both. The fierce gale of high-pressure living has driven men and women on the rocks. They have become old and wrinkled and gray before their time. All too soon the room is full of friends and flowers.

It is said that it takes about 1500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it takes only one to spread it all over the landscape. Nearly a hundred people are killed every day in the United States alone because of automobile accidents. Around 30,000 people are killed from this cause every year in our country, almost a million are injured, and there is an annual property loss of about two billion dollars. A third or fourth of these accidents are because of exceeding the speed limit.

Can we no longer distinguish between going fast and going as fast as possible? Is the record everything? Are we mistaking mere movement for life? Mere speed for progress? Shall we get in such a hurry to cover thousands of miles that we cannot find time to attend to what lies nearest us?

Are we becoming too busy to be hospitable, to cultivate our friendships, to take care of our health, to muse, to think, to pray? Too busy to "Be still, and know that I am God?" Are we going so fast that we can pause but one brief moment with Him, and then with hurried steps rush on, not waiting for counsel?

Surely there must be something higher to aim at than riding around in a high-powered car over a perfect paved road at a high rate of speed with no place to go and nothing to do when one gets there. It is said that it is difficult to get an American family together long enough to say the Lord's prayer. But they would be better off if they took time to pray.

People in the Orient are not obsessed with the spirit of speed that exists in the West. To be busy is distasteful to the Chinese philosopher. A Chinese scholar once said: "I think one can live much better without being busy, and I am sorry to see that there are many

people in the world too busy to live. Are we too busy to die? Death is forever awaiting us, and we do not have to speed its approach. In the American man's business life, everyone is busy every moment—hurry, rush, push, pull, and struggle."

Why should we always be so busy? What is it all for? Are we too busy to live? Can we not find time to live rather than time to kill?

Thanksgiving

By Ida Rees

THE artist's musing eye is filled with
Autumn's masquerade,
The waiting canvas welcomes there the
pigments deftly laid;

Bright round pumpkins

Bright round moon,

Stiff corn shocks

In shadow-shoon,

Purpling clusters,

Jeweled pomes,

Amber cider,

Honeycombs,

The horn of plenty

Overflowing—

Colored promise

*In rainbows. * * **

The eazied picture limned a prayer in
harvest's bright brocade:

Thanks and praise be unto Him, for color,
light and shade!

The minstrel's ear is sonorous with Au-
tumn's voice profound—

Rejoicing hands and lyre the hymnal chords
em pound:

Water's murmur,

Song and whir,

Dry leaves' rustle,

Wild life stir,

Thunder's roar and

Lost wind's moan

Rain drops in

A monotone—

Hum of bee and

Cricchet's chir,

Clang of mill

*And engine's purr. * * **

The vibrant strings' melodic prayers in
harmony resound:

Thanks and praise be unto Him for reso-
nance and sound!

The soul, aware, is whetted to keenness of
a knife,

Unconquerable, battling with what his
world is rife:

Gall and wormwood,

Love and bliss,

Luxury or

Avarice,

Fiery furnace,

Laurel wreath,

Hate and envy,

Sword's unsheath,

Falling manna,

Paradise

Beatitude or

*Sacrifice. * * **

The heart receives it all in all, the glory
and the strife;

Thanks and praise be unto Him for depth
and height of life!

Cancer and Latter-day Saint Teaching

By HAROLD L. SNOW, M. D.

ONE doesn't fully appreciate his right hand until he loses it. We can not appreciate those blessings which we do not realize that we possess. But through obedience and faithfulness to Latter-day Saint ideals and Gospel teachings many people unknowingly avoid the development of certain forms of cancer.

It would be interesting to have authentic statistics on the various kinds of cancer among Latter-day Saints as compared with those of other people. No doubt the Church figures at least on cancers of the lips, tongue, tonsils, esophagus and stomach would be relatively low.

Two years ago while attending a pathology conference in Chicago we were especially interested in the discussion of a certain case of tongue-cancer which was being demonstrated post mortem. Many opinions were given by some of the hundred or more physicians present at the meeting. In conclusion one of the leading authorities on cancer stood up and declared: "Gentlemen, ten years from now we shall no longer find these mouth and stomach cancers so overwhelmingly predominant in males. Women are now beginning to indulge as heavily in the use of tobacco as the present cancer-generation of men have done." Tobacco, alcohol, hot drinks and unhygienic mouths are some of the predisposing as well as exciting causes of these tumors.

Cigarette smoke with its furfural resins, ammonia, and other chemical irritants besides, after the first half of the cigarette has been smoked, the unnatural heat that is produced in the mouth, is said to be a factor in the cause of cancer. It is a pitiful sight to see one of the large eastern hospital charity wards full of patients suffering from this and similar conditions, their tongues and throats literally rotting away. It makes one thank one's Heavenly Father for giving Joseph Smith the Word of Wisdom, advising the Saints to abstain from the use of alcohol, tobacco, and hot drinks.

POETRY



Old Loves

By Rosannah Cannon

OLD loves are better unremembered,
When
The heart has grown too spent to keep
them pure
From any bitterness. They can endure.
A little time of grieving only, then
They grow distorted, lose reality,
Corrupt the lonely mind. It is not wise
To keep vain fancies long before the eyes.
Oh, spare yourselves this final tragedy!
And put away the thought of other years.
When love was easy and the end not
known;
So that the past, unmarred by futile tears,
Distills a fading perfume, sounds a tone
Of distant trumpets, dying * * and ap-
pears
Garlanded, sweet, in secret shrines of stone.

Homage

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

OVER the mountain they came
Dusty and footsore and worn;
Patiently onward they trudged;
Cheerfully burdens were borne;
Lumbering wagons led on;
Perilous was the descent,
Heavy and awkward and slow;
Steadily onward they went.

Filled with the zeal of new faith,
Seeking a haven of rest,
Seeking a Zion on earth,
Faithfully onward they pressed.
Neither in shame nor in fear,
Nor with a trumpet and drum
But with a hymn and a prayer,
Thus, did our forefathers come.

Into the valley they passed,
Down the steep, rugged ravine;
Gray grew the sage all around,
Only the stream-banks were green.
Far to the west lay the lake,
Gleaming like glass in the sun;
Neared they the end of the trail
But with their task just begun.

Eagerly forward they drove
Till on the banks of a creek,
Brigham, their leader, exclaimed,
"This is the place which we seek!"
Yoking the oxen to plows
Which they removed from the load,
Broke they the age-hardened ground,
Watered and harrowed and sowed.

Those who were used to rough toil,
Those who had known wealth and ease
Toiled without counting the cost—
Empires grow by degrees—
We, who think these times hard,
We, who inherit this sod,
With our heads bared we should pay
Homage to them and their God.

The Passing of Fall

By J. B. Jennings

THE wind moans low tonight, and
clouds toss by,
Crowding the far, dark reaches of a sky
Dim in the weird, white glory of the
moon.
The leaves drift down tonight, as drifts
the snow
In winter, and the never ceasing flow
Of water makes its melancholy croon.
The seasons change tonight, and I would
know
The secret of the seasons as they go
And glimpse with wiser eyes Life's
mystic rune.

Thanksgiving

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

THIS is the time for hymns of praise,
We have been careless in confessing
Our gratitude for Heaven's blessing
Poured down upon our tangled ways.
We have confused too many lines
And counted it as lack of knowing,
This certain harvest of our sowing;
Condemned the grapes and not the wines.
Loved, praised, reviled, but never thought,
Ourselves, the source of what we wrought.

This is the time for hymns that rise
From lips, a little while forgetting
Loss, sorrow, panic, and regretting;
God still sits smiling in his skies,
God still is sending blessings down.
Men may have erred, and failed, and
faltered,

But His intent has never altered;
Men curse, but Heaven does not frown.
Self laid aside, we praise and pray,
And keep once more Thanksgiving Day.



Photo by Dr. M. Marshall.
"CORKIE" ON THE PUMPKIN

Chrysanthemums

By Lydia Hall

WHERE gallant hollyhocks once grew
Dry stems are all I see,
The queenly roses once so fair
Are hanging droopingly;
But gay chrysanthemums are here
And are a lovely sight
In purple, yellow, white and red
They bloom with all their might.
Summer has gone, 'tis autumn now,
The daisies all are dead,
The chilly winds that blow today
Have bowed each poppy's head,
The withered leaves are falling down
And Winter's very near,
But my chrysanthemums still bloom
And bring me summer cheer.

Indian Summer

By Violet Harris Hendrickson

SWEET Summer has turned Gypsy
And with ardent, swift desire,
Trails her robes o'er hill and valley
In a symphony of fire;
Paints her laughing lips with crimson
And her eyes with lure grow sweet
'Till the trees in drowsy homage
Lay thick carpets for her feet.
And the wondrous, pleading beauty
Of her mystic, magic mood
Sends dim half-remembered longings
Singing softly through my blood.

Death is a White Gate

By Frances Kroebe

DEATH is a white gate
Into a neighbor's garden.
I pause with my hand upon it
And call back lightly,
"I go to chat for a moment;
Presently, Beloved, I shall see you."

The Last Chapter

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

SOMETIMES I wonder if the tears,
And cares, and sorrows of the years,
Their stress of woe and bitterness,
Will outweigh their happiness.
I wonder if the tale will be,
When it is told, a tragedy;
The wrong, the story all completed,
Be on the throne, the right defeated.

I have the faith still to believe,
Though Life into the fabric weave
Some somber threads, the pattern done,
Will yet be radiant with sun.
However great the troubles are,
Joy will outweigh them all by far.
The sunshine and the shadows blending,
The tale will have a happy ending.

Tribute to President A. W. Ivins

(Excerpts from the remarks of President Heber J. Grant, at the First Session of the General Conference, October 5, 1934)

ONE of the greatest, most devoted and splendid members of the General Authorities of the Church has been taken from us at the ripe age of eighty-two. From his childhood until his death he has been a very studious man, a man gathering information on many subjects, a man successful in all the walks of life in which he engaged. He was successful in more things than any man I ever knew, and all his life he fulfilled the requirements made in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 88, verses 124, 125, 126:

"Cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault one with another; cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated.

"And above all things, clothe yourselves with the bond of charity, as with a mantle, which is the bond of perfectness and peace.

"Pray always, that ye may not faint, until I come. Behold, and lo, I will come quickly, and receive you unto myself."

* * * * *

The very life of Anthony W. Ivins is testimony of the work in which you and I are engaged. Men of his caliber, of his honesty, of his charity, of his love for his fellowmen, a man in communion with God, would not stay in this Church unless he had an abiding faith in the divinity of this work in which we are engaged.

* * * * *

I appreciate and thank Noble Warrum for the splendid editorial written about Anthony W. Ivins. I am grateful, beyond expression, for all of these tributes that have been paid to him. I am thankful that the President of the United States saw fit to send a telegram of congratulation on his birthday. I could go on talking for hours regarding Anthony W. Ivins, but I think perhaps I have said enough, only to say that in every particular he fulfilled the advice of the mother to her son:

TO MY SON

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part

That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me, or praise, as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.

"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this, then your task, if task it should be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,
"She reaped as she sowed, Lo, this is her son."

Tribute to President Charles H. Hart

(From sermon delivered at his funeral by President Heber J. Grant)

FROM my personal association during all the years that Brother Hart was one of the general authorities of the Church I am able to bear witness to all of the splendid things that have been said here today regarding his character. There was no one of the general authorities with whom I traveled from stake to stake, in fulfilling the duties devolving upon us of attending quarterly conferences, that I enjoyed traveling with more than I did Brother Hart.

The sincerity and honesty, the integrity and devotion of the man always impressed me. He was a man whom to know was to love. Love begets love. He was a man who loved the people, loved to mingle with them, loved to gather evidences, as has been said here, of the divinity of the work in which you and I are engaged, and to be in a position to defend it.

It is a wonderful thing to be a judge and to have the reputation among all those who knew him that his decisions were absolutely true and straight, and what they ought to be according to the evidence presented. To my mind the greatest tribute that could be paid to a man is that those who know him best love him most, and I am sure that this tribute can be paid to Brother Hart and that he is worthy of it. If Brother Hart had an enemy I have never heard of it. I have always heard people speak of him in the highest terms. To have a perfect and abiding knowledge that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and to devote the best that is in us to carry that knowledge to others and to inspire others to try to obtain it, is the highest labor I believe in which any of us can be engaged, and this was the labor of Brother Hart during the latter part of his life as one of the general authorities of the Church, and it was a labor that he took pleasure in performing.

I rejoice in all the splendid things that have been said here today. I recommend to his wife and his children that they read the seventy-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, telling of the marvelous and wonderful blessings that shall come to those who embrace the gospel and live it, and of the promises that are made to them concerning the life to come.

I have no hesitancy whatever in assuring the beloved wife and splendid family that all of those marvelous blessings promised to those who shall endure to the end and keep the commandments of the Lord, that they shall inherit celestial glory, shall come to Brother Hart. There is nothing I can urge upon the family more than to follow in his footsteps and walk in the narrow and straight path that he walked in during his entire life. * * *

Indicted

Sovereign Citizens of the United States

YOUR HONORS:

Once more we bring this culprit, John Barleycorn, before the bar of justice.

One year ago this month we were asked to vote upon the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. We voted, a majority for repeal. This magazine, however, through its editorials, and articles written by its readers, pointed out the dangers of repeal, declaring that liquor—John Barleycorn—always has been and always will be opposed to law and order—always outlaw. The seeds of disorder are in his very nature.

Our friends of the opposition declared that they were unfriendly to John Barleycorn but also unfriendly to the Eighteenth Amendment. They assured us that the saloon would not return, but at the same time they said that revenues from liquor would relieve the situation created by the depression. We maintained that such statements were contradictory.

Now, your Honors, we have had nearly a year in which to observe the workings of the liquor interests, including the bootleggers. We leave our honest readers to form their own opinions of our present situations. The Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed—we are not now speaking of repeal. That is past.

But in many of our states, including Utah, liquor questions frown over the next legislatures. Some of our states will be asked by liquor interests to change or revoke their present laws governing the sale and control of hard liquors. The Utah legislature will be among those bombarded by the golden-palmed liquor interests. All they said about the Amendment will be reiterated. They will dare to say that we Sovereign People cannot enforce our laws and that therefore, our laws should be removed in order that John Barleycorn may parade shamelessly. They may even make certain promises. John is notoriously without conscience or any standard of morality.

Perhaps you are saying, "Well, what can we do about it?"

We are still the Sovereign People. We can do everything about it—if we will. For instance, we can put our candidates for the state senates and houses of representatives on the spot. We can ask them where they stand with respect to



The Fellow Who Promised to Go Straight

Used by permission.

—Thomas in the Detroit News

this notorious outlaw. If they stand for pardoning him, and turning him loose scot free, we can see that they do not represent us either in the state or the national capital.

Believing that Henry Grady, one hundred years ago, made an eloquent plea in this regard, we are quoting from our magazine what he said:

HENRY GRADY, THOUGH DEAD, SPEAKS AGAIN

(Henry Grady, famed orator and journalist of half a century ago, gave one of the greatest speeches of his brilliant career in opposition to the reopening of the saloons in his home city, Atlanta, Georgia. See how his words fit our situation today.)

My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back * * * now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive, and universal in its attacks. Tonight it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheeks, and tomorrow it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress.

"Today it strikes the crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage humble enough to escape it—no place strong enough to shut it out. * * *

"It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho. * * *

"It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interests, remedy no wrong. * * * It comes to destroy, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

"It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children, and to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home."

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

Previews of Current Pictures

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE: Those who like singing at its screen best should not miss hearing Grace Moore, the Metropolitan Opera star, in this pleasant little play. We class the scene where she sings from the balcony among the gems of the screen.

WAKE UP AND DREAM: Russ Colombo, the radio singer who was accidentally shot and killed by a bullet from a duelling pistol which had been loaded for forty years, sings in this light little picture. We thought, for the type of singing, that it was good.

WAGON WHEELS: Though the reviewers generally were not enthusiastic about this picture, we believe it is well worth while for those who love the old West and a good song. The plot is trite, but two or three of the scenes are striking, and the epic character of the song—"Wagon Wheels"—illustrated by the rolling wheels of a great wagon train redeems it. There are other songs well worth while.

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST: A romance of adolescent girlhood and young love marred slightly by rather brutal beginning. (For Children.)

LA CUCARACHA: Exquisite musical short about old Mexico. (For the Family.)

ILL FIX IT (Columbia): A grafting political boss finds his boasted ability to "fix things" defeated when he attempts to bribe an honest school teacher to pass his beloved young brother in order that he may be captain of his baseball team. Somewhat different in theme and development, some good small boy psychology and some rather rowdy comedy. (Family.)

BIG HEARTED HERBERT (Warner Bros.): This is really good fun. Clever lines, well knit situations and a swift paced tempo. (Family.)

SECRETS OF THE CHATEAU (Universal): The theft and traffic in rare editions, including the temptation offered by an original Guttenberg Bible, bring together a strange assortment of people in an old chateau. Alarms, murders, suspense and an amusing vein of comedy are interestingly interwoven and well played. The lighting and camera work so important in a mystery of this kind are unusually good. (Adults and young people.)

LOST LADY (Warner Bros.): Quite a far call from Willa Cather's novel but, aside from that, an interesting story of a young woman's effort to find happiness following the sudden death of her unworthy but much loved fiancé. (Mature.)

NOW AND FOREVER (Para): This combination of players in a story of reformation, brought about through the "honor bright" appeal of a child,

THE world has prime need of Hollywood and the moving, talking, self-respecting picture screen. An art so fraught with social possibility can never achieve its zenith until, without violation of the freedom that is the breath of art, it recognizes its social purpose. * * The world that goes to the picture houses wishes to give eye, ear and nose to those qualities of character and those struggles and triumphs in the daily drama which, even amid the uncertainties of depression times, make the human game worth the candle. The producer who plans to get by merely by omitting the offensive so completely mis-reads the new situation that he is due to be swept along with his namby-pamby product to the scrap heap. But he who rightly measures demand as not for negative but for positive things, who feels under his feet the sure threshold of this new epoch and who prepares to meet opportunity with inspiration, is likely, in the days of his affluence and fame, to praise the protesting hour that sent hatchets slithering through a guilty screen."—Rufus Steele, in *Christian Science Monitor*, August 22.

is certain to please wide audiences. (Adults and young people.)

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser): One of the all-around stories that will appeal to adults who like chil-

dren and to children who are interested in each other—father and son, home and the gang. Plenty of humor and sympathy, and no false sentiment. Fine jolly entertainment. (The whole family.)

LOVE TIME (Fox): Franz Schubert belongs to that small group of great musicians which is most deeply loved by the world for beauty, charm, exquisite appeal. This story of his love affair—with "The Unfinished Symphony" and "Serenade" playing through its background and with enough broad humor to redeem it from sentimentality—is a delightful production. The ponderous formality of the Court of Francis I of Austria is played up against Bohemianism and the vicissitudes of poverty and genius. Well worth while for adults. Probably too mature for most children though many might like it.

MERRY WIDOW (M. G. M.): In this day of the revival of old favorites, we have here an enchanting version of the popular Franz Lehar operetta of a generation or more ago. Modernized and presented with all the charm, subtlety and beauty of form and rhythm of which Lubitsch is master, it quite fills the eye and ear with its gaiety and its music. Some risqué insinuations in the manner of French farce but generally wholesome and delightful. (Adults and young people.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM (Universal): A pleasant light picture with the story of three young players going through vicissitudes in hunting for a job; always standing by each other through lean days and through success. The singing is a cheerful but not entralling addition. (Family.)

HAPPINESS AHEAD (Warner Bros.): The picture is smoothly directed, and the story interest augmented by scenes of window smashing on forty floor office buildings, a gay New Year's party and a roller skating palace, as well as by several tuneful songs by Dick Powell. Clean in flavor, good lines, generally refreshing. (Family.)

HAVE A HEART (M. G. M.): A clean little love story well acted.

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal): A woman's problem presented with a truly human touch which makes it quite engaging. Some hilarious comedy, some natural and amusing family scenes. (Adults and young people.)

BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET (M. G. M.): To many this is the finest picture ever produced; to all it must appeal strongly. Against the interesting background of old England the acting of Shearer, Laughton and March, in the leading roles of the play, superbly etched. Not to be missed, if you are over sixteen.



FIELDS AND ZASU PITTS. IN MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

MUSIC



Choral Music and the Art of Conducting

By HILDA MILLER

A report of Noble Cain's Course given to directors last June. This report won the prize offered by Executive Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham

Divisions of Music

(Continued from October Era)

PART II

6. *Aesthetics of Music* (or reactions of people).

(a) How does music affect humans? What effect does it have on the soul, and on the mind? What is the psychic effect on people?

(b) Music Appreciation.

One can't teach music appreciation, one must get it for oneself.

In Bach's time it was necessary to retune the piano each time that a selection in a different key was played. This of course, was very inconvenient. Bach decided that there was surely some remedy for this, so he took it upon himself to make a plan which resulted in establishing the intervals of the piano such as they are today which eliminated the retuning of the piano. His fellow musicians said it couldn't be done, but he proved to them that it could be by composing a number of selections which illustrated his point of modulating from one key to another without retuning the piano. This discovery has been one of the greatest of its kind.

School children should be taught about music generally and not be held too closely to the technicalities which they might never use. To have the best success with children in the musical field the child should be taught songs which deal with his every-day life. Children's choruses may be worked out in detail and expression similar to that of adults.

Before presenting a musical composition to a group for study the conductor himself should be thoroughly familiar with the score. He should not merely play it over on the piano once, making the statement that "it is very pretty" and let it go at that and expect to direct his chorus effectively, but should be so thoroughly familiar with it himself that he knows every part without copy. When first presenting the composition it is a good plan to pick out the most difficult parts first and drill on them until they become easy. This is a better plan than to begin at the first, which is usually the easiest part, and struggle through

it trying to get it learned. When the "tough" spots are learned there will then be plenty of time to begin at the first and go through it. By rehearsing in this manner there is an element of suspense as the singers are anxious to begin at the first. One should not be too impatient to have a piece learned. Learn it right and good if it does take a long time. The moment a mistake is made it should be corrected.

It is not necessary to have piano accompaniment at the first rehearsal for if the conductor knows his piece he can sound the note and the singers can get it that way. Some might criticize this plan, but there is not much difference between the conductor giving the pitch or having singers follow one of the good sight readers. "It really doesn't matter how a piece is learned, the main thought is to get it learned." One should learn to read music by association with it. The accompanist should always follow the conductor regardless of who knows the most about music. This will make for harmony.

If it is desired to arrange a four part

song for a male chorus the melody should go to the Baritone and the Tenor sing the alto as written.

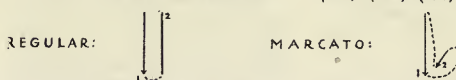
A cappella singing is best with a large group of about 60 or more voices; the group may be smaller but good results will depend on the ability of the singers. The human voice is not spoiled by instrumental accompaniment, however the instrument should add something to the rendition. A cappella means, "Any music that is sung without accompaniment," to be sung in church or chapel style. The root word "cappa" means cloak.

In choosing members to sing the different parts the conductor should endeavor to have 1/3 more second sopranos and 1/3 more first altos than in the other parts. The middle section should always have more voices.

A baton should always be used when conducting. One is much more at ease holding a baton, and then it looks more graceful. It usually appears very awkward to see the conductor waving his hands grotesquely in the air when the same results could be obtained with

(Continued on page 683)

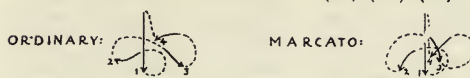
THE TWO-BEAT MEASURE: (2/2) (2/4) (2/8)



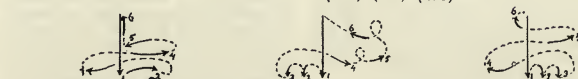
THE THREE-BEAT MEASURE: (3/2) (3/4) (3/8)



THE FOUR-BEAT MEASURE: (4/2) (4/4) (4/8)



THE SIX-BEAT MEASURE: (6/2) (6/4) (6/8)



The above figures were taken from the book "The Eloquent Baton" by Will Earhart, which was highly recommended by Mr. Cain. The figures were drawn by Peter Edwards.

★ MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD ★

November

First Week

A TWO YEAR MISSIONARY COURSE

AS the following letter is of special interest to Elders and Seventies, we take this means of advising them of its contents:

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

July 18, 1934

Presidents of Stakes:

Dear Brethren:

The First Presidency, the Council of the Twelve, and the First Council of the Seventy have decided upon a plan whereby young men who are not yet twenty-one years of age will be required to take a two years course of study as Elders to prepare themselves for ordination to the office of Seventy and for service in the ministry. Details of this plan will be sent to you in the near future.

Young men twenty-one years of age, or over, who are properly recommended, may be ordained Seventies without taking this course of study.

In the meantime missionaries younger than twenty-one years of age should serve as Elders.

This applies not only to brethren who are preparing to go into the mission field but also those who may be selected for local missionary service.

Sincerely your brethren,

(Signed) Heber J. Grant.

A. W. Ivings.

Quorum Bulletin, Volume 1, Number 4, Is Out

THE new bulletin outlining the course of study of the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood is now in the field. The October lessons have already been presented; those for November are suggested here for those who do not have access to the Bulletin.

The primary purpose of the Bulletin is (1) to supply uniform lessons and an order of business for the monthly meetings of the High Priests and Elders of the Church, and (2) to furnish helpful suggestions for the weekly group (or quorum) meetings of High Priests, Seventies and Elders.

The general theme for the monthly meetings during 1934 is *The Divine Mission of The Prophet Joseph Smith*.

Three Reasons Why I Believe Joseph Smith Was Inspired

WHEN Joseph Smith announced that he had had a vision in which God, the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, appeared to him, he made a statement which, if true, was the most significant happening in modern times. If true, then his subsequent teachings and the Church that he founded, both based on that declaration, similarly are true.

It is inconceivable to me that a backwoods country boy of fourteen, third in a family of nine children, could convince his father, mother, brothers and sisters of the actuality of that vision if he had not seen it; that he in the face of a continuing scourge of persecution and ridicule, not only to himself but to them because of that declaration, could have maintained their loyalty and belief in him, if he were not telling the truth.

The "Book of Mormon" is a five hundred twenty-two page book of inspiring scripture, wonderfully concordant and consistent in its teachings, style, language and philosophy. That any man in the eighty odd days from April 7, 1829 to late June of that same year, of himself, could write such a book, is unthinkable; that an untutored lad of twenty-four could, is doubly so. That this same lad, of himself, could advance the doctrine, "Men are that they may have joy," a doctrine, ultra modern in 1934, and in 1829 considered pure heresy, is also inconceivable.

That this young man, in the brief space of fifteen years and before he was thirty-nine years of age, uninspired, could give us the "Book of Mormon," the "Doctrine and Covenants" with its many varied and totally new teachings, the "Pearl of Great Price," the "Inspired Translation of the Bible," and numerous other writings and teachings; that he could give to the world the most perfectly organized church yet known to man and attract to that Church, tens of thousands of members; that he could establish the Priesthood in all the beauty of its conception; that he could plan and build three cities in as many states and, undaunted by persecution, lead the Saints from one to another of these; that he could propose a new social order; that he could find time to think and write and preach new doctrines on virtually all of the phases of man's activity; that he could do all of these things, of himself, without Divine help and guidance, is indeed unthinkable.

No charlatan would have the temerity to boldly and frequently advocate

a test by which the truth or falsity of his doctrines could be proved.

We like this "Book of Mormon" exhortation: "And when ye shall receive these things, I must exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things" (Moroni 10:4-5).

We have tried this injunction. We know. Joseph Smith told the truth. He saw God. He was inspired and guided by God in the greatest achievement of modern times.

—Geo. R. Hill, Jr.

Joseph Smith—An Inspired Leader

A FEW years ago an eminent editor and author remarked to the writer, "I have just completed a new book which deals with certain outstanding American men and women who began their life's work in an unusual way, yet were strikingly successful. You will be interested," he said, "to know that the first of those about whom I have written is Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet." He went on with a brief appraisal of the accomplishments of this religious leader, and concluded by saying that the plan of life evolved by Joseph Smith showed him to be a great architect in the affairs of men.

That this great religious leader was inspired is impressively evidenced in the remarkable results that have come from his devoted service for humanity. In the first place, as a mere boy, he brought forth with challenging concreteness the reality of God and of the divine mission of the Savior of men. Secondly, under his sure guidance, in a brief span of years, was developed a church organization which today is recognized as one of the most effective the world has known. In the third place, the unswerving fidelity of Joseph Smith to the cause of truth and righteousness, and his sacrificial struggles for the uplift of humanity manifest strength and devotion that are born of inspiration.

Turning now to the organization which came as an outgrowth of these revelations, let us examine it briefly in light of the opportunities for spiritual self-expression and development. In the more than a century of its existence this system of religion has been a force for good in the lives of hundreds of thousands of men and women. It is

still growing and radiating a beneficent influence over all the world. Joseph Smith was but twenty-five years of age when he laid the broad and solid foundations for this organization for this church. Could one of his years have planned so splendid and lasting a structure without inspiration?

The unswerving fidelity of its founder manifests his honest purpose and his devotion to what to him was a divine cause. He accepted his call as being direct from God. He never ceased to bear his powerful testimony to the truth of his claims. He sealed his testimony with his blood.

His was a life of strenuous self-sacrifice. Hounded from the beginning "*... He Being Dead Yet Speaketh*" with enemies both without and within his fold, thrown into dungeons, mocked and reviled, he never wavered. He went on with his building of a great organization. He developed a system of practical Christianity. He spent his life in the service of humanity. He preached the gospel of clean living, of righteousness. He was truly a great spiritual architect, manifestly inspired to renew and revitalize the gospel of the Master in the hearts of men.

Dr. Howard R. Driggs,
Professor of English Education
New York University.

Joseph Smith was murdered ninety years ago last June. Everyone knows that the world has changed tremendously since the night his sorrowing friends laid his body in a secret grave near the east bank of the Mississippi. When we compare our modern cities, our means of transportation and our innumerable mechanical slaves and wonders with those the prophet was acquainted with, we can hardly forbear feeling that he lived in a rather "primitive" time, even though a century does not separate us from his day.

The writer takes it for granted that all who read these lines accept Joseph Smith to have been a divinely inspired prophet. But perhaps some readers will ask the question: "Can a prophet who lived on the American frontier during the first four decades of the nineteenth century have a message for us?"

My answer to the foregoing question is: "Yes, the prophet does have a message for us even though a century of mechanical progress, a great Civil War and a World War separate his age from ours." He has a prophetic message for us because he had a message for his own age. The fundamental problems which confront us have been the problems which good men have grappled with from age to age. Men give these important issues new names for their particular generation, because the old evils form new patterns and combinations. But most of our highest ideals and our worst evils are as old as human history.

Sin, sickness, poverty, atheism, human exploitation, vice, graft, and brutal, ignorant human beings and savage wars, did not originate with the modern industrial state and capitalism. Neither did men first dream and struggle for a decent society which should provide equal opportunities for all, help and protection for the weak and unfortunate, when President Roosevelt declared that we must have a "New Deal."

The Prophet has a message for us because he grappled with these great fundamental problems of mankind in his own day.

Joseph Smith was murdered because he persisted in making the vital issues of his age a matter of religious concern for himself and his people. Jesus of Nazareth was crucified because he not only preached the kingdom of God and urged men to prepare themselves for entrance therein, but he openly condemned wickedness in high places, as did the martyred John. He denounced the narrow religious legalism of the Pharisees, and struck at the graft of the Sadducees which they carried on in the precinct of the temple. Jesus was truly a mystic in the best sense of that term, but he was not a contemplative recluse. Such men are never crucified. The non-Mormon Seitz has clearly seen the quality of Joseph Smith's religious activities as the following lines indicate:

"It is given to a divine few to be both mystic and practical. Joseph

I Shall Recall

By Cora May Preble

WHEN Autumn tosses balls of bronze
chrysanthemums
Across the path where summer welcomes
fall—

When asters, purple, white, shell-pink, and
lavender,

Peep forth in glad array, I shall recall
The blue-gold days of one dear Autumn
vanished far

Into the vistas of a tear-dimmed land—
Recall the silvered hours spent with you,
dear heart,

And where you are, I know you'll understand.

I shall recall when Autumn leaves are lac-
quered red,

And purple haze comes drifting through
the dusk,

The tender, loving words so softly whis-
pered, * * * I

Shall treasure every precious little husk,
I shall recall the way your slender, graceful
hands

Moved lightly as a pearl-grey dove on
wing—

The way you walked—and smiled—the
way you looked at me—

To tiny things like these, fond memories
cling!

Smith could combine mysticism with the workable in daily affairs. From the day in 1827, (1820) when the vision or impulse, whatever it may have been, mastered him, he became a force in America, the impetus of which shows no sign of being spent."

Like Jesus he (the Prophet) did not leave us a mass of religious legislation, but he enunciated general principles and left the Saints of each succeeding generation to use their own spiritual and intellectual initiative in finding ways and means of applying these principles to their immediate needs. This is one of the marks of a true prophet. He did not stifle individual initiative or put unsurmountable stumbling blocks in the path of institutional growth.

J. M. P. Smith, in writing on the subjects of the ancient false and true prophets in Israel states, "The true prophets were diligent students of their own times. They were not lacking in appreciation of the past, but they did not allow the past to annihilate the present. They realized that Jehovah had spoken to the men of former ages great, creative truths; but they were equally certain that he had still more truth to make known to his children. They (the true prophets) read the message of Jehovah in the events of the day as an ever-growing and expanding revelation—Religion thus became in their hands a constantly enlarging experience; its demands could not be met by the mere repetition of ancient formulas; or by the performance, no matter how zealous, of an established ritual; or by the discharge of traditional duties. It must be a vital thing, keeping pace with all the interests of the ever-changing world and making its ever-fresh contributions to the changing needs of man."

The social, religious, and political ideals which we are striving to obtain are quite like those the Prophet valiantly championed in his day. And if we are loyal to our own religious experience and God's revelations to our age, champion righteous causes with the modern means at our disposal—then we shall be in close fellowship with the Prophet and be his spiritual descendants.

By disentangling the means employed by the prophet from the ends for which he struggled, we shall have little trouble in discovering that he has an inspired message for those of us who are thinking in terms of "ancient times" and "the New Deal." He has left us no cut and dried plan to solve our social and economic problems; such means change from age to age, and to confuse the means he used with the ends he sought would be foreign to the spirit of his life and teaching. For in such matters as with the more spiritual things of life, "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life."—*Professor Daryl Chase, Principal West Seminary.*

★ WARD TEACHING ★

Ward Teacher's Message, December, 1934

The Sacrament

LATTER-DAY SAINTS should be urged to make attendance at Sacrament meeting a regular habit. It is the one meeting of the Church which the members are directed, *by commandment*, to attend. It has been considered so important, so necessary to spiritual welfare and so helpful in strengthening faith and fortifying against temptation that the Lord has commanded his people to attend.

Section 59 of the Doctrine and Covenants contains the following:

"And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, *thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments on my holy day*; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High; nevertheless thy vows shall be

offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times; but remember that *on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High.*" Nothing could be more direct. The command is clear. Attention should be called to the fact that observance of the Sabbath day is very closely associated, also by commandment, with attendance at Sacrament meeting. It is evidently the desire of our Heavenly Father that the Sacrament meeting shall be a spiritual benediction to the Sabbath day. Glorious promises are made to those who obey these commandments. See Doc. and Cov., Sec. 59, Verses 14-24. One of the best resolves a Latter-day Saint can make is to determine to keep the commandments of the Lord and attend Sacrament meetings regularly. (Teachers should read all of Sec. 59 and call attention to the obligation placed upon all members by the Lord.)

September, 1935—Moral Education.
October, 1935—The Value of Dependability.

November, 1935—Religious Education.

December, 1935—Prayer.

Teaching in the Home

By Charles B. Felt

THE Word of the Lord. The Lord has decreed that His people shall be brought to a unity of the faith, has restored the priesthood and given many instructions as to the exercise of that priesthood; among others that those holding it "shall preach, teach, ex-pound, exhort, * * * and visit the house of each member, and exhort the people to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties; and strengthen them, and see that there is no iniquity in the Church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking; and see that the Church meet together often and also see that all members do their duty."—Doc. and Cov. 20.

Again the Lord says, "And I give unto you a commandment, that you teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom; teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand."—Doc. and Cov. 88:77, 78.

A Test of Love. It is not reasonable for us to suppose that the test of our love for the Lord will be the same as it was with Peter, as disclosed in the conversation found in John 21:15-17: "So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith unto him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee, Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."

To properly perform the great duties of ward teacher requires: the authority of the priesthood; a knowledge of the gospel; a love for the work, and a determination to do one's duty.

Ward Teachers' Message to be Supplied to Stakes

A NEW plan of distributing Ward Teachers' Monthly Messages has been announced by the Presiding Bishopric. In the future the messages will be printed in *The Improvement Era* as in the past and in addition, upon request from the Stake Presidency, a sufficient number of copies will be reprinted from the *Era* to supply each Ward Teacher. It is not intended that the messages are to be delivered to the homes of the Saints but that the Teachers will prepare themselves upon the message and then in true missionary spirit discuss its contents with each family. For this reason the copies furnished for each stake will be sufficient to supply the Teachers only. There will not be enough to permit of distribution in homes.

The subjects for each month of next year have been suggested. They have been selected with the purpose in view of meeting the needs of the people as nearly as possible. Where stakes or wards prepare their own messages it is recommended that the list of topics suggested be given careful consideration, both as to subject matter and timeliness. The topics have been suggested for the various months in view of the conditions existing at that time of the year. To illustrate: June is a month of many marriages. This means that plans are made in advance of that time. Therefore marriage, stressing

Temple marriage, is the topic suggested for March, three months ahead. July is in midsummer when Sunday sports, outings and other forms of Sabbath breaking are prevalent. This has been considered an opportune time to discuss the Sabbath day. Tithing has for several years been the Church-wide topic for May.

It is anticipated that this new plan will greatly increase the effectiveness of Ward Teaching throughout the Church and assist Teachers in being better prepared to carry the monthly message to ward members.

Suggested Topics for Monthly Ward Teachers' Message

November, 1934—Church Standards.

December, 1934—The Sacrament.

January, 1935—Family Prayer.

February, 1935—Salvation for the Dead.

March, 1935—The Sealing Ordinances. (Temple Marriage, Sealing, etc.)

April, 1935—Aaronic Priesthood Standards.

May, 1935—Tithing.

June, 1935—The Development of Character.

July, 1935—The Lord's Day.

August, 1935—The Ten Commandments.

★ ★ AARONIC PRIESTHOOD ★ ★

Aaronic Priesthood Three-Point Campaign to start January 1

1. One Million Assignments to be filled by Aaronic Priesthood Members in 1935.
2. Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood, of all ages, to be urged to fill one or more assignments in Priesthood work during the year.
3. A campaign of Clean Living to be conducted in all Aaronic Priesthood quorums throughout the year. This will include clean thoughts, clean speech, clean actions, clean bodies and clean living in every respect.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD activity throughout the Church is to be motivated to greater intensity than ever before by a Three-Point campaign to be conducted during the entire year of 1935. At the semi-annual convention of the Aaronic Priesthood held during the October Conference this new campaign was announced by the Presiding Bishopric. Its purpose is to reach every person in the Church holding the Aaronic Priesthood and to bring into their lives the blessings and benefits of this great organization which now numbers approximately 80,000 members.

Activity is First Phase

THE campaign has three phases. First is the activity phase. Based upon the principle that activity is the basis of interest and that we are interested in the things to which we devote some attention or service, the plan contemplates a material increase in activity among quorum members. 1,000,000 assignments during the year is the goal. This will mean an increase of approximately 35% over 1934. Each stake will be asked to accept its share of the assignments and then by dividing the number among the wards of the stake motivate additional activity among the various quorums. As the teaching of each member in his duties in the Aaronic Priesthood and giving opportunity for functioning in the Priesthood calling is the first and foremost duty of every quorum this phase of the work has been given first position in the plan.

Missionary Phase Important

THE second phase of the 1935 campaign is the missionary phase. The number of members of the Aaronic Priesthood who do not participate in quorum activities is far too great. To

reach them all and induce them to participate in some phase of quorum activity is the second step in the Three-Point Campaign. In cooperation with correlation committees, Sunday School and M. I. A. leaders, Aaronic Priesthood supervisors should make every effort to secure some activity from every member regardless of age. Where members are adults the adult supervisor should be asked to cooperate in the campaign. A careful record should be made of every member and credit should be given when an assignment is filled. Persistent and consistent effort should be made, in the spirit of missionary work, to induce every member to fill some assignment, not merely for the sake of making a record but for the purpose of trying to arouse an interest in Priesthood work.

Educational Phase to be Stressed

THE third phase of the campaign is educational. Its aim is to have all leaders teach and emphasize the principles of clean living. One of the outstanding needs of the hour is to teach our young people to be clean. The Savior said, "Be ye clean." This should be the foundation of our teaching. Cleanliness of thought, speech and action, cleanliness of body and clean living in every respect are taught by the Gospel. This phase of the plan includes teaching of the Word of Wisdom with all that this great document implies.

With these three definite objectives as a guide it is anticipated that increased activity will result in every stake and ward in the Church.

The Improvement Era each month during the coming year will contain information and suggestions for carrying on the campaign. See the *December Era* for complete details.

My Reasons for Joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By R. M. Bryce Thomas, London, England

(Continued from October)

HAVING ascertained these facts, I had then to compare them with the constitution of the Church of England and with the doctrines and ordinances as taught and practiced by her. It appeared to me to be quite evident that if the primitive church as planted by Jesus Christ and built up by His Apostles and servants, with all its organization and powers, had not been maintained in its completeness and perfection, or if any of Christ's doctrines had been altered, or His ordinances changed in any one respect without due authority, this could only have come about through false teachers arising in the church, as St. Paul had predicted would be the case after his days. (2 Tim. 4:3, 4.) I felt that I should then be compelled to admit that the Church of England had fallen into error, and that therefore the texts in the scriptures regarding the latter day apostasy could not but refer to her as well as to the other churches of Christendom which were teaching and practicing a gospel not in accordance with that found in the Bible. And further that the following inspired prophecy of Isaiah pointed to her equally as much as to the other churches: "The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof, because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant" (Isa. 24:5), or, in other words, apostatized. One of the Latter-day Saints has very appropriately written the following words in this connection. "It is contrary to scripture and to reason to suppose that

1. ONE MILLION ASSIGNMENTS IN 1935.

2. EVERY AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMBER TO FILL ONE OR MORE ASSIGNMENTS.

3. ALL LEADERS TO TEACH CLEAN LIVING—THOUGHTS—SPEECH—ACTIONS.

Christ would set up two or more discordant religious systems to distract mankind, and cause strife and contention. God cannot create confusion. His mind is one, the minds of men are various, so that when we see various opposing religions in Christendom, it is conclusive evidence that men have been engaged in their invention, and that they have established but very imperfect imitations of the true Church of Christ." (See Mormon Doctrine, Sixth Leaf.)

The true church must always conform to the pattern of the primitive church of Jesus Christ and His Apostles in every respect, unless there is clear and indisputable authority in the scriptures for a divergence in any particular, and I have not been able to find any such authority in any portion of the New Testament. So that if the Church of England (for that is the only church with which I am concerned at present) is dissimilar in her organization or in her doctrines and ordinances from the primitive church, she can be but a very imperfect imitation of the church at best.

(To be Continued)

Joseph Smith's Own Story

EXTRACTS FROM HIS HISTORY
WRITTEN IN 1838

(Continued from October)

"32. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was extremely light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid; but the fear soon left me.

"33. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people.

"34. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants;

"35. Also, that there were two stones in silver bows—and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim—deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted "seers" in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book.

"36. After telling me these things,

he commenced quoting the prophecies of the Old Testament. He first quoted part of the third chapter of Malachi, and he quoted also the fourth or last chapter of the same prophecy, though with a little variation from the way it reads in our Bibles. Instead of quoting the first verse as it reads in our books, he quoted it thus:

"37. *For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall burn as stubble; or they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.*

"38. And again, he quoted the fifth verse thus: *Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.*

"39. He also quoted the next verse differently: *And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming.*

"40. In addition to these, he quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, saying that it was about to be fulfilled. He quoted also the third chapter of Acts, twenty-second and twenty-third verses, precisely as they stand in our New Testament. He said that that prophet was Christ; but the day had not yet come when they who would not hear his voice should be cut off from among the people, but would soon come.

"41. He also quoted the second chapter of Joel, from the twenty-eighth verse to the last. He also said that this was not yet fulfilled, but was soon to be. And he further stated that the fulness of the Gentiles was soon to come in. He quoted many other passages of scripture, and offered many explanations which cannot be mentioned here. (To be Continued)

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Lessons

Prepared by Elder George W. Skidmore,
Adult Aaronic Priesthood
Supervisor, Logan Ninth Ward,
Cache Stake

(Continued from October)

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN

1. Second Coming of Christ—City of Enoch—Resurrection at His Coming.

2. Jesus Christ to Reign from Zion and from Jerusalem.

3. The Millennial Reign—(a) Duration; (b) Who will live on the

"There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets."—Milton.

earth; (c) What will occupy the time and energies of the people; (d) Satan Bound; (e) Condition of the earth.

4. Close of Millennium. Satan Released for a season.

5. Celestialization of the earth after it receives its paradisaical glory.

6. Tenth Article of Faith, "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and, that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory."

(The importance of the subject matter contained in this lesson may justify its division into two lessons.)

References

Compendium, pages 29 to 83; 185 to 188 with all scriptural references. Articles of Faith by Talmage, Lectures 20 and 21, pages 367 to 405 with all scriptural references.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT

1. The Law of Sacrifice.
2. Sacrifices from Adam to Noah.
3. Sacrifices at Adam-on-di-Ahman.
4. Sacrifices from Noah to Jacob.
5. Sacrifices at time of Moses—the Passover.
6. Sacrifices in Kingdoms of Israel and Judah.
7. Sacrifices to Heathen Gods.
8. The Great Sacrifice—Jesus Christ.
9. Sacrament (Brief).
10. Restoration of Sacrifices—Sons of Levi, etc.
11. Individual Sacrifices, Consecration, Tithing (Brief).

References

Bible Dictionary by Wm. Smith. L. L. D., pages 577, 578, 579; also Passover, pages 484, 485, 486. See references Bible Treasury Concordance under Sacrifices (n), pages 228, 229. Cambridge Compendium to the Bible Dictionary—Sacrifices, pages 134, 135. Moses 5:6-7; Book of Abraham, Ch. 1:6-18. See facsimile from the Book of Abraham No. 1. Matt. 20:19; Luke 24:7; Mark 15:13. Read all there is on the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ in the four Gospels of the New Testament. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 20:75-79; Sec. 13. Meditation and Atonement by John Taylor, pages 69, 70. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 64:23; 42:30-36. Compendium, pages 247-249; Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:16, 17, 18. Jewish Worship, Feasts, etc., page 328 in Bible Treasury. (Sunday School Lessons, Gospel Doctrine Class—First Quarter, Lesson 8, note 4, page 25. Sacrifices restored.) (To be Continued)

THE Prophet Joseph Smith was born 129 years ago on December 23.

MUTUAL MESSAGES



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. W. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

A Resolution of Respect to the

Memory of Our Beloved Friend, Fellow-Worker in the M. I. A. and Former General Superintendent

President Anthony W. Ivins—

A CONGENIAL, painstaking, conscientious, dignified and effective worker in the interests of youth all the days of his life.

Even from childhood, with his outstanding and unusual mental equipment, this modest man showed strong elements of leadership. In his young manhood in St. George because of his natural ability, he was selected as president of one of the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church.

While President Ivins had strong religious convictions and an unwavering faith in the doctrines, practices and divinity of the Church, with his unusual clearness of vision, he could always see the good that existed in other people, in other churches and in other organizations. And because of this pronounced characteristic in him, it is easy to see why he so readily and with such earnestness and enthusiasm pro-

posed that the L. D. S. Church adopt as a part of its work for boys the elaborate program of the Boy Scouts of America.

And Scouting was but one of his outstanding interests not only in the youth of the Church but in young people everywhere. Because of his life-long devotion to the cause of youth, because of his outstanding ability, and knowledge and scholarship we shall miss him, his devotion to our cause and his unceasing support.

It was a fitting climax to his lifetime of faithful, prayerful and efficient service to the Church that the opportunity came to him to serve as he has done, effectively, these many years as first counselor in the Presidency of the Church. Members of the General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations regard it as an honor to have associated with this dignified and outstanding leader for so many years.

To his associates in the Church, in the State and in other organizations; to his devoted, cultured and excellent wife; to the members of his fine family and to all his kindred and his multitude of friends, we, members of the General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church send our love, our sympathy and our blessings. May his children and his children's children to the last generation be ambitious to follow the example of their distinguished ancestor so as to bring honor and credit to the family name which his noble and glorious record of achievement has made truly great.

General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church.

George Albert Smith, General Supt.
Richard R. Lyman, First Assistant.
Melvin J. Ballard, Second Assistant.
Ruth May Fox, General President.
Lucy G. Cannon, First Counselor.
Clarissa A. Beesley, Second Coun-

From "The Washington Post," Washington, D. C., September 27, 1934

Pageant Adds Mormon Youth To Huge Cast

Group to Depict Spirit of Pioneers; Fete Set for October 5.

DEPICTING the cooperative spirit that actuated their forbears in the colonizing of western wildernesses, 100 descendants of the Mormon pioneers will appear in the Self-Help Patriotic

Pageant October 5 on the east plaza of the Capitol, Marie Moore Forrest, pageant director, announced today.

The participants will be chosen from the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Mormon Church in Washington.

With the selection of this group, casting and the naming of directors was completed. Cooperation of Federal and District officials, business houses, civic groups, churches and 1,000 unemployed of the city is making possible the colorful spectacle.

Arrangements at the Capitol are in charge of David Lynn, Capitol architect, and Arthur E. Cook, supervising engineer of the building, who has directed the settings for numerous district pageants. Mr. Cook is directing a large

staff of men in preparing the Capitol for the spectacle.

Scene directors named yesterday are:

Scene I, Capt. Wilbur C. Young, commander of Corps 4, the Salvation Army; Scene II, Estelle Wentworth, director of her own opera; Scene III, in which 150 persons from the Community Center dramatic groups, the Henry W. Spangler Post of the American Legion, and the Marian Chace dancers appear, Mary Olive O'Connell, assisted by Mrs. Mary Cromwell; Scene IV, Robert Anderson, of the Washington Mormon Church; Scenes VI to IX, inclusive, members of the Transient Bureau; directed by Charles J. McCubbin, recreation director, and Sarah Elizabeth Beatty.

Music

IT is hoped that all wards have now organized either a men's, ladies' or mixed chorus. Many wards can conduct two of these groups; some, all three. For list of selections see October *Era*. It is recommended that all stake and ward music directors read one good book on music for general education and inspiration.

Drama

ALL groups interested in Drama Appreciation who did not take up this subject last year are using the Drama manual published by the General Board in 1933, together with supplementary material (obtained from the General Offices at 5c per copy).

Groups who studied the Appreciation manual last year and who are con-

tinuing the subject are introducing original outlines. Wasatch Stake is presenting the following outline:

FIRST MONTH

1st Tuesday: Make-up demonstration of leading characters; what we call straight make-up. Members of class to be used in demonstration and all participating in the criticism and the discussion.

3rd Tuesday: Make-up demonstration of character studies. Subjects to be suggested by class in previous meeting.

SECOND MONTH

1st Tuesday: Discussion of a tragedy, having a particular scene selected for casting and criticism by class members.

3rd Tuesday: Presentation of scene from tragedy.

THIRD MONTH

1st Tuesday: Discussion of farce—comedy, having a particular scene selected for casting and criticism by class members.

3rd Tuesday: Presentation of scene from drama.

FOURTH MONTH

1st Tuesday: Same treatment of a drama.

3rd Tuesday: Presentation of scene from farce-comedy.

All of this to be correlated with our Appreciation Course of last year and this year's Supplement.

All wards who have not yet organized casts for the four new plays contained in the Book of Plays, should do so at once. These plays are easy to stage and have a fine appeal.

A Picture of the Activity Program as Seen by One M. I. A. Worker

SHOWING possible opportunities for big Stake exhibitions, tournaments or festivals. Modifications may be made by each Stake.

A high standard of excellence must

be maintained; this is the responsibility of all ward Community Activity Directors. Stake Committees at Union Meetings and at special institutes are raising the standards and

making them as nearly uniform as possible throughout the stakes. "Only my best is good enough" should be the thought inspiring every individual and group participating in this program.

	Drama	Dancing	Music	Story Telling	Reading and Hobbies	Speech	Conversation	Social Conduct
October	Appreciation	Courses select	ed by the de	partments, ea	ch continuing	7 evenings.		
November								
December				Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.	Book Reviews. Preliminary Programs.	Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		Demonstrations.
January	Stake Festival with expert criticism.	New dances in connection with Gold and Green Balls.		Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		
February			Special Program or Festival.	Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		
	Appreciation	Courses select	ed by the d	epartments, e	ach continuin	g for 7 even	ings.	
March				Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.	Demonstration on Preliminary Programs.	
April				Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.	Book Reviews. Preliminary Programs.	Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		Demonstrations.
May				Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.	Hobby Exhibits in Stakes.	Sunday Evening Joint Session. Preliminary Programs.		
	Ward and Stake	Honor Day	Programs.	All features	demonstrated.			
June	Church Educational Meeting	in connection	with June Conference	at which training	and demon	stration will be		

Program for December Sunday Evening Joint

1. "O Say What Is Truth."
2. Prayer—an Adult.
3. Music—instrumental or vocal.
(See suggestions on page 620 of the October *Improvement Era*.)
4. The Slogan—A six to ten minute address by one who is studying speech.
5. A Retold Story—by one studying the appreciation course. (See *The Leader* for stories to tell or get them from other sources including *The Improvement Era*.)
6. Vocal number—Chorus.
7. The Sermon on some such topic as "Joseph Smith, a Religious Leader," "The Personality of Jesus," "The Spirit of Christmas."
8. Chorus — Ladies' or Men's Chorus.
9. Benediction.

Choral Music and Art of Conducting

(Continued from page 675)

the baton and the appearance would be so much better. The baton should be held easily between the fingers as one holds a piece of chalk. The baton is to indicate the accent and not necessarily to beat time. The mechanical part should be forgotten. A good conductor is one who makes very few motions.

The technique of the baton is as illustrated on page 675.

The word "time" is usually used to mean what the count is to each measure. This, however, is not the correct word for the meaning. "Time" really means how long it takes to sing



ELABORATE PICTURE
GOLD AND GREEN BALL



LIBERTY BRANCH
GOLD AND GREEN BALL

the piece. The word "measure" would be a better word to use than "time." Tempo is the rate of speed. The descriptive words such as Largo, Allegro, etc., which are placed at the beginning of the selection, are merely relative terms. If one wishes to be more nearly correct the best plan is to follow the metronome count.

To keep from going flat as one goes up the scale he should think higher; this will assist him in staying on the pitch. When going down the scale one should think less low which will keep him from getting flat. If a tone is sharpened it is an indication that the individual is slightly deaf or else that the tone has been over-emphasized. Often singers have a tendency to go flat when they sing softly. This is due more to mental condition than anything else; the individual should learn to think higher which will eliminate this difficulty. As soon as the conductor hears that the singers are going flat he may warn them by pointing upward with one finger.

There are many things which go to make up the perfect rendition. One important phase especially is the pronunciation of words. The dictionary should be the conductor's guide. The "ch" sound in words should be softened. In the word "rapture" the "ch" sound should not be noticeable. In the word "righteousness" there should be no "ch" sound. One should also be careful to make the "ar" sound of words as if it were spelled "ahr." An example is the word "paradise," the "a" should be broadened as if it were spelled "ahr." The word "carry" is another word in this class. The short "i" should not be pronounced as an "a," as in the word charity. The "o" vowel should be rounded as this gives more beautiful tone quality. The "o" is a perfect vowel; it is a combination of all other vowels. In directing the conductor may indicate the rounding of tones by holding up his hand in an oval shape. (Continued on page 692)



VERNAL FATHERS AND SONS
Submitted by Harold E. Hullinger



Seek Wisdom and Entertainment in the Reading Course Books

"The Life of Golden Kimball"

By Claude Richards

SENIORS, Claude Richards has made it possible for you to walk with and talk with this veteran pioneer whose life has almost spanned the Mormon adventure in Utah. Here are humor and pathos, wisdom, instruction, and doctrine all woven into one splendid volume. Mr. Richards, a lover of J. Golden, allows the preacher-humorist to tell in his own words much of his own life, many of his pioneer experiences. Oh, no, President Kimball did not sit down with his biographer and reel off in a prosaic manner the incidents of his life. Mr. Richards, through painstaking care, assembled the flashes from the beloved Preacher's many sermons when under the inspiration of an important occasion he gave glimpses of his own life.

You will like this book and find in it much about which to build delightful conversation in your gatherings.

"Strategy in Handling People"

By Webb and Morgan

HERE is a book for all executives to read, for handling people is as important in the M. I. A. organizations as it is in banks or other corporations. "Three thousand dollars and up—per year—that's what conscientious, unstinted participation in church activity may be worth in cash to a young man, if his effort is skillfully applied. It is worth almost a comparable amount to a young woman,"—Earl J. Glade, manager of KSL, in the August number of "The Improvement Era." This reading course book for executives is a way to power.

"The Book That Nobody Knows"

By Bruce Barton

WHEN many of us think of the finest stories we have ever heard, we think of those matchless tales about the great, yet human, heroes to be found within the lids of the Bible, that

great library of Hebrew literature. Despite our love for the Bible, however, many of us know but little about it. Bruce Barton, a contemporary journalist of unusual gifts which combine popular philosophy and an interesting journalistic style, has written this interesting book about the Book of Books.

Young fellows of Vanguard age usually like to ask questions. Mr. Barton has anticipated about all the questions a live-wire can think of about the Bible and has answered them in a manner which makes his book readable to the nth power.

"The New Testament"

"The Southerner"

By Dixon

"Heroines of Service"

By Parkinson

THE Gleaners have a choice of either or all of the above three books. All of them are just what anyone would choose to read anyway.

Just think how one would thrill to get a letter from a man who had walked and talked with and loved the Savior of the World! Well, in the New Testament one may have many such letters.

All girls love a love story—they also love Abraham Lincoln. In "The Southerner," who, by the way is Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Dixon has given us a lovely picture of the great emancipator of the slaves and intertwined in it a great deal of heart interest. "The Southerner" is a "swell" book.

The third book presents pictures of women who have done great deeds for humanity. Surely every girl will read at least one of these books. Some will surely read all of them.

"A Guide to Civilized Loafing"

By Overstreet

AH, Adults, here is a book for you! In fact, it is a book for all of us. In his foreword Overstreet says: "It is sometimes suggested that people must be taught to improve themselves in their leisure time. There is something

offensively moralistic about that—something longfaced and accusatory. We had best trust the more generous view of the poet Masefield, when he writes: 'The hours that make us happy make us wise.'"

Allow me to quote just two sentences from his chapter—"Being Alone;" "But the urgency is on us to be 'whole.' When we stand alone under a night of stars, or think our quiet thoughts in a garden or on a mountain-top, or let ourselves range at will in converse with some individual long since passed away, we gather ourselves out of ourselves."

"Smoky"

By Will James

SMOKY, as nearly everybody now knows, is a horse—and what a horse! He is a sort of a one man horse, but he can perform most anywhere, especially in the rodeos. He was a terror to the cowboy whose bread and butter depended upon his staying in the saddle.

Will James, the author, lives on the Rocking R Ranch in Montana, where he has many Smokies. Besides being a cowboy who can ride and rope and bull-dog, he is an artist who, with a few strokes of the pen, can draw a horse or a steer. He has the answers to all cowboy questions, and he can usually answer them with drawings. "Smoky" is well illustrated. The pictures make the scenes live.

"William Clayton's Journal"

YOUNG men love adventure. Here is the opportunity for all of them to walk or ride on horseback or in a prairie schooner across the vast plains with that first company in which were found such empire builders as Brigham Young, Erastus Snow, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Parley P. Pratt and many others.

William Clayton, a convert from England, has performed a service for which the Church and the West may be everlastingly grateful. In it are to be found the joys and struggles of that first great journey of the Saints to Salt Lake Valley. You'll like this narration.

ERA AND PUBLICITY

Can We Make the Quota a Minimum?

IF the momentum generated in wards and stakes before *Era* Week can be kept up until *Era* Month—October 14–November 14—is past, the subscription list of *The Improvement Era* will be longer and more widely distributed this coming year than at any previous time in the history of the magazine, with the possible exception of the first year following the “marriage” of the *Era* and *Young Women's Journal*.

The *Era* Committee, and also the General Board, are pleased with the manner in which the stakes and wards of the Church are taking hold of the project. All are awaiting eagerly the results of the Week's endeavor.

The quota—based upon 7½ per cent of the Church population—ought not to be the maximum, but the minimum goal for wards, for the reason that a ward may go “over the top” by having an *Era* in only one out of about every three homes. In reality, for the good of the Church and its people, it should be in considerably more homes than that. Perhaps, someday, we shall be able in all of the wards, to make the quota a minimum.

Montpelier Stake Over the Top First

MONTPELIER STAKE went over the top first this year, with every ward reaching its quota. They are now eagerly engaged in follow-up work in an effort to put the stake out in lead for one of those cash prizes which will be awarded in April. Good luck, Montpelier! Fine work.

Use the Card System for Follow-up Work

THOSE wards which have made out a complete list of their families on the cards following free by *The Improvement Era*, are now in a position to follow up their subscription work in a business-like manner. The solicitors who called at the homes first have written on those cards what answer the heads of the families gave when asked for subscriptions. In many cases they were invited to call again. Notes and dates should be on the cards which should be gone over carefully

LIST OF WARDS HAVING REACHED THEIR QUOTA

Ward	Stake
1. Croydon	Morgan
2. Montpelier 4th.....	Montpelier
3. Ogden 17th.....	Mt. Ogden
4. El Segundo	Hollywood
5. Montpelier 2nd.....	Montpelier
6. Manila	Timpanogos
7. Alton	Montpelier
8. Bern	Montpelier
9. Geneva	Montpelier
10. Virgin	Zion Park
11. Boyle Heights	Hollywood
12. Wardboro	Montpelier
13. Georgetown	Montpelier
14. Nounan	Montpelier
15. Springdale	Zion Park
16. Montpelier 3rd.....	Montpelier
17. Bennington	Montpelier
18. La Verkin.....	Zion Park
19. Raymond	Montpelier
20. Pegram	Zion Park
21. Cokeville	Montpelier
22. Dingle	Montpelier
23. Montpelier 1st.....	Montpelier
24. 16th	Salt Lake
25. No. Farmington.....	So. Davis
26. Rockville	Zion Park
27. McKinnon	Lyman
28. Greenville	Beaver
29. Nibley	Hyrum
30. Union	Union
31. Idaho Falls 3rd.....	Idaho Falls

by the ward directors. The cards then should be placed in the hands of the same solicitors or different ones, as the reports on the cards would seem to indicate.

The follow-up work is quite important. Directors should be certain that every family has at least two opportunities to visit with well-informed *Era* agents who like the magazine and know what it contains.

At least one ward last year had an *Era* in every home; several reached very high percentages. There is no reason for folding up and saying, “It is all over.” Church work—the saving of souls, the building of Latter-day Saint morale, is never over. *Era* agents are home missionaries doing a splendid work for the Church and for the individuals whom they visit.

Thirty-One Wards Now Over

THIRTY-one wards of the Church, including all of the wards in Montpelier Stake, are now over the top—



the money in the office and the names registered on the subscription lists. Before we could get this page prepared other wards came in with their full quotas. They will be reported next month—November 10. The boxed list gives the order in which the wards went over.

Last Minute Bulletins

Snowflake Stake, Arizona,
October 14.

Elder George Albert Smith,
Era Office, Salt Lake City.

Every ward in stake over top in four hours today.

Signed: F. S. Smith, M. D. Bushman, Vilda Fillerup, Gerda H. Flake, Will C. Smith.

Maricopa Stake, Arizona,
October 17

The Improvement Era,
50 North Main, Salt Lake City

Every Ward in Maricopa Stake over the top last night with one hundred percent or more *Improvement Era* Subscription quota. Mailing subscriptions and check this morning.

Douglas H. Driggs,
Stake *Era* Director.

Twin Falls Stake,
October 18.

Improvement Era,
50 North Main.

Twin Falls Stake Over Top subscriptions now in mail.

Alice J. Richins.

These telegrams indicate that three stakes were definitely over the top by October 17. No doubt we shall have many other reports before the week is over, but it will be impossible to list them here. They will appear next month.

Lovell, Wyoming.

Dear Editors:

“It was such a splendid thing for you to give an opportunity for new writers to try themselves at writing. It is so hard for one to get started. Especially when one lacks the technique of expression and construction as I do. * *

“I must tell you how we love and look forward to the *Era*. It brings a light of peace and gladness to our home, although it is often quite a struggle to raise two dollars for its subscription for we are tillers of the soil. Yet each issue is easily worth the subscription price.”

Valeria P. Walker.

READ "A GUIDE TO CIVILIZED LOAFING"

A D U L T S

LEARN TO LIVE JOYOUSLY



"The Essential Characteristic of Man is His Improvableness."—Fiske

A Rare Opportunity

IT is our privilege this season in the Adult Department, to be introduced to a man who more and more is becoming known as one of the most remarkable Americans—Joseph Smith. Moreover, he is to be presented to us by a writer who has spent thirty years in becoming intimately acquainted with Joseph Smith, the man and his teachings. John Henry Evans, author of our manual, "The Leadership of Joseph Smith," suggests:

a. The more the class leaders (and for that matter the members as well) can know on the subject studied, the better. No leader, however, should attempt to present this Manual without more information about Joseph Smith than is to be found in the Manual. He should therefore look about him to see where he can get the information and the inspiration necessary to treat the subject properly.

b. Perhaps the best book for this purpose, in view of the fact that the present Manual is based on it, is the book entitled, *Joseph Smith: An American Prophet* (published by the Macmillan Company of New York). Besides giving the requisite information on the life of the Prophet, it presents his teachings in a systematic order, with the human interest values in the man and his teachings.

c. Other works on the same subject are: *Life of Joseph Smith*, by George Q. Cannon; *Documentary History of the Church*, by Joseph Smith himself; and, of course, the *Doctrine and Covenants* and the *Book of Mormon*.

d. The Manual, however, should not be taught as historical matter. The topics should always be viewed and taught in the light of their current history. Class leaders are all too prone to hold the subject discussed up in the air. Only students, those who have academic interests, are concerned, as a rule, with things that have only historical or doctrinal value. But everyone is interested in current events. History has little value to anyone now living unless it throws light on life today.

e. The aim of every recitation should be to arouse interest, to awaken thought, in the class. This is done through two ways: (1) by relating everything discussed to what is going on today and (2) by letting the class do the talking, where possible. When we have contributed something to a recitation, we think it has been worth while!

AN IMPELLING PERSONALITY

a. When he was alive, Joseph Smith aroused the keenest interest in everyone who met him—respect, admiration, in

never set eyes on him—perhaps because of what they had been told by those who had seen and heard him.

d. Now, much of this impelling personality can be caught by us of the present generation. But it must be done through reading and study of his life and thought. But this reading must be wide and intimate. That is, we must know more about Joseph Smith than the conventionalities which we have been accustomed to. We must live with him, as he went through his unusual career.

e. The world of our time is beginning to see the greatness of the Mormon prophet. A minister in Rochester has come to believe, he says, that Joseph Smith is one of the most remarkable of Americans. A professor in a California college thinks him the "Big Mormon." An Austrian surgeon has come to look on him as the greatest of Americans. All this has come through reading the intimate details of his life. By reading these same details, we, too, may come to look upon him in his true light as one of the greatest figures of history."

John Henry Evan's book, *Joseph Smith: An American Prophet*, is attracting nation-wide attention. Since our Manual is really based upon it, we wish to emphasize the importance of having access to it for reference and suggest that each Adult Group procure a copy. A few cents contributed by each member of the department will enable the Leader to purchase the book for the use of the group.

Stake Adult Leaders

IF you have not already done so, we suggest that at your next Union Meeting, you review carefully with the Ward Adult Leaders our book, "A Guide to Civilized Loafing." See to it that they become familiar with this helpful book at once. It will do more than any other single piece of reading at hand perhaps, to give them the vision they need for carrying on our broad program. It will unquestionably be profitable to discuss, as Leaders, much of the book. Every Ward Group should also discuss it fully.

ADULT CALENDAR

MAINTAIN THE TIME SCHEDULE

(See Manual, Page 3)

NOVEMBER

1st Tuesday	Appreciation Course
2nd Tuesday	Manual, Chapter 4
3rd Tuesday	Appreciation Course
4th Tuesday	Manual, Chapter 5

non-Mormons; undying love, almost adoration, in those who belonged to the Church. Parley P. Pratt came from Ohio to see him; Orson Pratt, from New York; Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge, from Ohio; John Taylor, from Canada; Brigham Young, from Vermont; Willard Richards and Orson Spencer, from Massachusetts; Charles C. Rich, from Illinois; and others, from other parts of the nation. Also, strangers came even from other countries to see him.

b. In no case were the converts to Mormonism disillusioned on meeting the Prophet. This is extraordinary. High as were their thoughts and hopes, on hearing of the new prophet, yet they were never disappointed when they saw him. It was the same with the non-Mormons. In nearly every instance, they went away after seeing him declaring him to be an extraordinary man. Josiah Quincy for example.

c. The reason for this intense interest in him lay partly in Joseph Smith's personality. He was truly an exceptional man. He had great charm, winning ways. And this charm extended to those of the Saints who had

SENIORS



Enlistment

ENLISTMENT is more than a job for the opening social or the opening class—it is an all-year endeavor. The Senior Class Leader has a challenge and should meet it by organizing for a continuous enlistment campaign.

Some class leaders appoint or have the class members appoint an enlistment or attendance committee whose duty it is to assist in encouraging eligible Seniors to attend their meetings, socials, open forums, and such things.

A card system has been found helpful in a number of wards. All those who are between the ages of 24 and 35 inclusive are listed on individual cards which are kept by the class leader. These cards bear not only the names and addresses of the eligible class members, but their capabilities and interests as well. By dealing them out to proper persons a systematic follow-up is carried on during the entire mutual season.

There are this year 16 class periods and 16 appreciation course periods plus three open Tuesday evenings which are to be used for activities. An attempt should be made to have all of these sessions well attended. Those who absent themselves twice or more from any of the sessions should be visited wisely by wise persons. Perhaps this visit will be made at the absentee's place of business, at a social or other place where the opportunity presents itself.

Adult education is very popular just now. In this Senior Class program is to be found a liberal education if the members will accept it as a genuine opportunity to grow intellectually and culturally.

The Class Leader should not despair, but should keep his class organization unimpaired and working throughout the season.

The Senior Committee will be glad to hear of effective methods of keeping up enrollment and attendance in order that they may be passed on to other Class Leaders.

The Art of Conversation

HELEN E. STARRETT in her book "The Charm of Fine Manners," declares that a worthy aim in life is to give and receive pleasure in the association with friends and it is a mark of an advancing state of intelligence and culture when a group of people can pass delightful hours in the

mere interchange of thought in conversation.

So worthwhile to the happiness and success of every individual is the mastery of language, the power and charm of conversation, that everyone should set up as one of his definite ideals, that of becoming an interesting

Notes from the Field

THE Senior Committee will be pleased to have notes from class leaders and class members of various wards and stakes of the Church. They will also welcome from Stake Supervisors suggestions for making the Union Meeting function better. These notes should be typewritten when possible, though ink will be as acceptable if the writing is plain and proper names, especially, are carefully written. Notes should not exceed 100 words and should be as much shorter as the subject matter will permit. We hope, however, that no one will be hurt if submitted notes fail to appear on this page. As many as space will permit will be published. The Committee would like to know of successes and difficulties. Address: Senior Class Committee, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

companion to friends in the matter of conversation.

A good conversationalist not only gives pleasure to others, but he develops through his conversation, his own powers of thinking, of organizing, of finding the fine and beautiful shades of meaning in words.

Someone has said: "Power to use our language effectively is a necessary asset to the salesman, the secretary, the clerk, as well as to the preacher, the teacher, the lawyer; or to the young lover wooing her mate, to the mother trying to mold the character of her child, to the friend endeavoring to comfort the bereaved or to inspire a dear one to greater achievement."

Ten lessons in the appreciation course, "The Art of Conversation" are given in the "Speech" Community Activity Manual.

Anthony W. Ivins

THIS precious letter is found in the Reading Course Book. "J. Golden

Kimball," by Claude Richards. Dear Golden:

Today, you reach your eightieth milestone in the journey of life.

It has been a long and winding trail toward the land of our dreams, namely, eternal life.

I, too, have traveled over it nearly a year longer than you have. Our experiences have been somewhat similar.

The Lord has been good to me, as I feel that He has been to you.

I am writing this to tell you that you have my full confidence and esteem, and to pray that when you and I finish our mortal lives, which is not likely to be far distant, we may both be approved of the Great Judge before whom we must appear to be judged by our faith and works.

Sister Ivins charged me to tell you she is one of your friends and admirers.

Your brother,

(Signed) A. W. Ivins.

Can Science and Religion Be Harmonized?

THE stimulating article in this issue by Waldemar P. Read, author of the Senior Manual, "The Quest for Complete Living," should be read by every senior. Does Professor Read believe they can be harmonized? If so, how can it be done?

Magazine Articles Worth Reading

"The Man Among Men," by Charles Hall Perry, *Scribner's Magazine*, April, 1934. (See *Readers' Digest*, Aug. and Sept., 1934.)

"Savages are People Too," by Desmond Holdridge, *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1934. (See *Readers' Digest*, August, 1934.)

"My Account With the Unknown Soldier," by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, *The Christian Century*, June 6, 1934. (*Readers' Digest*, August, 1934.)

"Love Among the Ruins," by John Hyde Preston, *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1934. (*Readers' Digest*, September, 1934.)

"Pain Killer," by Paul de Kruif, *Country Gentleman*, July, 1934. (*Readers' Digest*, Sept., 1934.)

"Will Civilization Collapse?" by Arthur Weigall, *Pictorial Review*, April, 1934. (*Readers' Digest*, Sept., 1934.)

M MEN-GLEANERS



Dr. Bennion Supplements Chapter IV, "Tests of True Religion"

M MEN and Gleaners both will be much aided by reading the brief article written by Dr. Lowell Bennion for the Gleaner page this month. In it Dr. Bennion has supplemented Chapter IV of the lesson manual, "Tests of True Religion."

Notes From the Field

M MEN and Gleaner Girls are invited by the committees to send in items telling of joint activities in the various wards and stakes of the Church. The General Board is especially eager to learn how the new plan of work is meeting the needs of the young men and women. They are eager to build programs which will be attractive to every member of every ward, but expect those programs to be modified to meet the conditions which prevail in various localities. The committees on the General Boards would like to know how the joint class work is being received; how the manual is being used; how the appreciation courses are being handled. In fact, they would like to know a great deal about the entire program.

If the M Men and Gleaners in any stake or ward have devised new entertainment features, new ways of enlisting membership, better lesson presentation, why not write in and tell us about it?

A LETTER from Ileen A. Waspe, Supervisor of M. I. A. in the European Missions, states:

"For the first time we will try Gleaner and M Men work in the French Mission. We are making a small beginning but I know it will bring new interest into the branches. I think the manual prepared for the M Men and Gleaners certainly fills a present need.

"The Czecho Slovakian mission is going forward with the young women's work. In Prague now we have two fine Bee-Hive Swarms—many of them not members of the Church. M. I. A. officers are now preparing the Gleaner Manual as one of the Swarms will graduate about Christmas time and be ready for Gleaner work." (No Junior Dept.)

Welsh Mayor at Ball

THE Mayor and Mayoress of Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, were among the more than 300 members and friends who attended the first M. I. A. gold and green ball of the Welsh district, British mission, on April 18, in the Lesser Drill hall.

During the evening His Worship the Mayor crowned Sister Ivy Forward

Queen of the Ball. She was surrounded by eight lovely attendants. Miss Forward is a member of the Pontypool branch.

In his address the mayor explained to the large audience that the fundamental purpose of the ball was to make friends, and declared he knew the objective had been attained. He complimented the "Mormon" people for their honesty and integrity, and said he was pleased at the work members of the Church are doing in Merthyr Tydfil. "Mormonism" is more and more being recognized as a world movement of remarkable power, he said.

The photo, left to right, shows Mayoress and Mayor of Merthyr Tydfil; Ivy Forward of the Pontypool branch, Welsh district; President Frank R. Bennett, Welsh district. In the background, a portion of the 300 members and friends in attendance.

The Still Small Voice

THE still small Voice to the Prophet said,

"Speak, speak, speak,
Proclaim the power of God o'erhead,
Speak, speak, speak!"

—Dr. George H. Brimhall.



GLEANER GIRLS



DR. LOWELL BENNION, author of the *Manual for M Men and Gleaner Girls*, upon being asked to write something supplementing Chapter IV, "Tests of True Religion," wrote the following message to teachers and students of the manual:

CHAPTER IV.—TESTS OF TRUE RELIGION

The chief purpose of all lessons in the Manual is to present Mormonism in a clear and appealing manner to thinking, questioning and even doubting members of the Church with the aim in view of inspiring them to live the Gospel. Each lesson, however, should serve as one step, and *only one step*, toward that goal. Cement one stone upon another as the year progresses. Do not try to prove Mormonism beyond all doubt in one evening.

Having just studied the World religions and the Christian religions it might be well to list them on the blackboard for review and reference. The question naturally presents itself—Which of these is the true faith?

Before trying to answer this question, analyze and think through with the class the tests of true religion. What are they? Men claim religion to be the product of man's imagination about the fictitious existence of God. There is your opportunity to emphasize the first point in the lesson: (1) True religion must at least claim to be divine—to come from a higher intelligence than that of man. (2) Moreover, it must offer substantial proof of its divinity. (3) Has religion the right to be authoritative (not dogmatic)? (4) Does it maintain contact

with the source? (5) Is it comprehensive and non-contradictory? (6) Is it fruitful and effective in the lives of those who live it?

These and other questions can be discussed by class members without much reference to any one religion. Then with these thoughts in mind compare religions in regard to each essential characteristic. Which ones claim to be divine and in what sense? Which ones are authoritative? Which ones maintain contact with the source through revelation, etc.?

If a clear picture of the characteristics of true religion is kept clearly in mind, and each religion judged by this picture, Mormonism will stand out in sharp relief. There will be no need of asking the question—Which is the true religion?

CHAPTERS V AND VI

Chapters V and VI are extremely important. Although one is convinced that Mormonism has the characteristics of true religion the question arises, how can I know it? In Lesson V three vital points can be emphasized:

(1) *What is a testimony?* should be answered to everyone's satisfaction. That is not too easy. It is seldom attempted. Deprive the idea of testimony of its somewhat obscure, mysterious and incomprehensible meaning in the minds of many young people in the Church. Let it be known that it is an assurance or conviction based on the total experiences of life—that it is quite individual.

(2) *Make the students feel the need of knowing if the Gospel is true.* Awaken the urge in them to know, stimulate it, and lead them to satisfy

their curiosity. Such questions as the following will do that: How has Mormonism affected the lives of your parents, grandparents and your own life? What bold things does Mormonism alone proclaim? Why have Mormons been ridiculed and persecuted? Were Moses, Christ, Joseph Smith, really in communion with God? Is it not worth knowing? (3) *Make an appeal to the noblest manhood and womanhood by teaching the joy and strength of bearing responsibility, the power that comes from conviction.* Contrast this with the utter weakness of those who are afraid to face the truth or are so mentally sluggish as to be satisfied with indifference.

Chapter VI affords the teacher an opportunity to correct false notions and misplaced values in regard to testimony. (1) Desire, humility and prayer need to be tactfully defined, especially humility—which means teachability. (2) Revelations and miracles are neither a universal nor sure basis of testimony—not even to those who receive them. Without belittling their value conclude the lesson by showing that we must look to more sure and enduring sources of testimony. It is a weak faith that depends on miracles.

Gleaner Notes For November

WE hope the Gleaners are finding much joy in reading the New Testament. The occasional reading in class of some of the lovely passages and chapters would stimulate added interest. We suggest the following: James, Chap. 3; I Cor. 13; Matt. 5, and 24; John 20; and John 14:1-8.

Gleaner Trousseau Club

WITH the thought of spending the summer in some definitely constructive activity, the Gleaner Girls of the 21st Ward, Ensign Stake, met during the vacation months on regular occasions and sewed on hope-chest articles. The gatherings were as social in nature as such would be, inevitably, and some program material and light refreshments added to the interest. Many lovely things were made during hours otherwise idled away, and the friendships of the girls were cemented more closely through this project of their own. The photograph shows the group in action.



TROUSSEAU CLUB, 21ST WARD, ENSIGN STAKE.

M M E N



To All M Men Greetings

THE M Men Executive council wish all M Men officers and members a successful year. This year, we know, will be the greatest we have had. Over 20,000 fellows in the United States and Europe will participate in our activities. We have received word from the missions in Europe to the effect that they will not be out-done by our activity in the West. Naturally we must congratulate our brethren from across the seas on their foresight in seeing the possibilities of M Men activities. The Master M Men work has been modified so that young men in all countries can participate in achieving excellence.

It is plain that the major problem before us now is a close cooperation between all the youth of the Church. A crying need for the philosophy of Jesus is being felt all over the world. Young men in all phases of life find in M Men work a chance to achieve personal excellence in the ways of life; a strong body full of vigor and health, a mind quick and discerning and a heart full of righteous love for humanity is the goal of our desires. So, achieving this, as a member of a united body sponsoring Latter-day Saint ideals, is indeed a purpose full of meaning and penitence.

In civic and community life our influence for good must be felt. See that no M Man fails in his duty to support all "praiseworthy causes" and those of "good report."

We must not fail. The youth of today demand hard work and the social betterment of living conditions. Through the M Men movement this will be realized.

Sincerely,

Jay Parkinson, President.

M Men Should Seek Counsel From Bishop

THE M Men have such a splendid organization that sometimes they feel that they ought to be allowed to run their own affairs without hindrance. That is true, but they should never attempt to run them without counsel. At the head of a ward is the Bishop and his two counselors, whose responsibility it is to see that all organizations are running and cooperating. M Men, like all others in the ward, are under the Bishop's direction. Whenever they wish to perfect their

organization in any way they should seek advice from their executives who, in turn, should seek the advice of the Bishopric. In no other way can order be fully preserved. The Bishop, by nature of his position, can see the needs of an organization and usually knows the people who are available for use in those organizations.

Basketball Season Here

AS the snows of winter time come upon the mountain peaks the thoughts of young men turn to basketball. Many of the M Men teams are already organized and going; others are in course of being organized. Those in charge of these teams should stress the game as a game not as a means of subduing some other team in some other ward.

Reports from gymnasiums are to the effect that some teams have yet to learn the rudiments of good sportmanship. Remember in all games, that the young men of the opposing teams are brothers. Fans and spectators often do and say things which are unbecoming in a gymnasium.

Macbeth said, "I dare do all that doth become a man, who dares do more is none." His words might be taken as a guide in the coming season.

Twin Falls Ward Gleaners and M Men Go All Summer

WORD comes from Twin Falls Ward of Twin Falls Stake, Idaho, stating that their Gleaners and M Men enjoyed their work so thoroughly that they kept going all summer. They had two lectures and two socials each month.

Germany Goes M. I. A.

WE have a total of fifty-six mutuals in our mission," wrote Mark J. Brockbank, from Berlin, last June. "In practically every branch and district where halls were available, Gold and Green Balls were held. The Saints are catching the M. I. A. spirit and as a result the recreational activities are on a constant increase. They are coming to feel that the M. I. A. is a necessary thing in their lives, because, among other things, it offers them a pleasant and proper type of recreation.

I am enclosing a photograph of a group of M Men and their partners who were in attendance at the Gold and Green Ball in Dresden, Saxony, Germany. This affair was typical of many which were held in the mission."



M MEN AND PARTNERS, GOLD AND GREEN BALL, SAXONY, GERMANY

VANGUARDS



Vanball Finals December 28

DATES for the all-Church finals in Vanball have been set forward to December 28 on the recommendation of the Scout Executives. The final games are to be held in Logan, Utah. The Logan officials have made application for the games for the past three years and have now been given the privilege of playing host. They promise that every detail will be given proper attention. The same method of conducting the finals as was followed last year will again be used. Each team must be beaten twice before it is eliminated from the championships. Keen rivalry is expected as the various districts have been pointing for this championship for the entire year.

Emigration ward Vanguards, twice champions and one-time runner-up, will be represented by an entirely new team as the members of the championship teams of past years have all graduated into M Men. This will give hope to many other teams as the Emigration boys were practically an unbeatable combination. Their extreme height was a distinct factor in their success. With their elimination the field is now open to a new championship team.

Setting the date for the finals ahead necessitates a new ruling on the age limit. Vanguards reaching their 18th birthday on or before December 28 will be ineligible.

Vanguard Camping and Outdoor Activities

THE Vanguards are coming into their own. Gradually the value and importance of this excellent program are being impressed upon boy leaders everywhere. Separate camping, hiking trips and other outdoor activities for Vanguards are coming to the front in Scout programs everywhere. In the programs for next year practically every council is planning separate camps for Vanguards and a separate outdoor program. This is entirely in harmony with the new plans of the National Council which is advocating Senior Scouting as a definite part of the regular program. A new feature, being considered for next year is the establishment of one or more waterfront Church-wide camps for Vanguards ex-

clusively. Here, with recreation, education and program motivation as the principal features an activity that will undoubtedly be an annual event will be developed. Definite plans are in the making and if approved will be announced shortly.

Model Airplane Flying Added to Vanguard Program

MODEL airplane building and flying is to be a new feature in the Vanguard program beginning immediately. The first Church-wide championships are to be held at June Conference in Salt Lake City next June. Details of the competition have not been completed but enough has been decided to justify the announcement that this new feature is to be a part of the permanent program. Complete details will be published in the *Era* for December and will be announced through all Scout Executives offices.

Scouting and Religion

THERE has been much discussion in times past, and in some quarters it is still being carried on, in relation to the place of religion in Scouting and the place of Scouting in religion. National Council officers, from the beginning have been positive and wholehearted in their attitude that religion

has a definite place in Scouting and that especially where Scouting is being carried on under church auspices, Scouting has a definite place in religion. Article Three of the constitution of the Boy Scouts of America upon which its charter was issued by the United States government and which James E. West, Chief Scout Executive claims as his greatest individual contribution to Scouting, makes clear the connection. It reads as follows: Article III—Principles and Policies. Principles. Section 1—The Boy Scouts of America maintains that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God. In the first part of the Boy Scout's Oath or pledge the boy promises, "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law." The recognition of God as the ruling and leading power in the universe, and the grateful acknowledgment of His favors and blessings, are necessary to the best type of citizenship, and are wholesome things in the education of the growing boy. No matter what the boy may be—Catholic or Protestant or Jew—this fundamental need of good citizenship should be kept before him. The Boy Scouts of America therefore recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely non-sectarian in its attitude toward that religious training. Its policy is that the organization or institution with which the Boy Scout is connected shall give definite attention to his religious life. Only men willing to subscribe to this declaration of principles shall be entitled to certificates of leadership in carrying out the Boy Scout program."

This statement is definite and direct. It makes religious teaching a part of the responsibility of Scout Leaders. The teaching in each case being that of the Church, or other organization, with which the troop is identified. As Latter-day Saints we can wholeheartedly endorse the stand of the National Council. It is in harmony with the teachings of our own Church. Scout Leaders in L. D. S. troops everywhere should see to it that the religious training of all Scouts, Senior (Vanguards) and Junior, participate in the religious activities planned by the Church for its boys and young men. If we neglect this we are neglecting what our National officers and our Church Authorities agree is the most vital part of the education of any boy.



MOUNTAIN DELL MONUMENT

This monument was erected June 2, 1934, by Vanguards, Salt Lake Council, on site of Pony Express station, 1860-61.

JUNIOR GIRLS



"JOYOUS YOUTH"

A Little Song of Life

GLAD that I live, am I,
That the sky is blue
Glad for the country lanes
And the fall of dew.

After the sun, the rain
After the rain, the sun,
This is the way of life
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

CHAPTERS four and five in the Junior Manual—"Joy of Mind and Intellectual Being" and "Joy of Spirit" are the basis for two outstanding lessons in this year's course of study.

All of us are born with brains, but what we attain to in life depends entirely on the way we train and use our minds. Surely the Latter-day Saints, since the earliest inception of the Church, have had held up to them the importance of mental activity. Every

mind was made for growth, for the gaining of knowledge.

No finer example of what the cultivation of the mind and spirit will do for us can be had, than that of our late beloved President Anthony W. Ivins. Although he had only three months of schooling, he became highly educated along many lines through his own efforts.

He formed the habit of reading in his childhood days and continued it throughout his life. He early read the scriptures which gave him a knowledge of God, and this habit, along with earnest prayer, brought to him an enrichment of his spirit and a joy that "passeth understanding." His was a master mind.

Other examples might be brought to class of persons who have attained to great joy through the training of the mind and the spirit.

As a mind training exercise some of the girls could memorize the little poem at the beginning of this article and repeat it in class. Others might be asked to bring short stories apropos of the subject "Joyous Youth." Chapter 28 in "Pollyanna" by Eleanor H. Porter would be appropriate. It would be stimulating to the girls to play the "glad game" as found in "Pollyanna" for one month.

"My Story—Lest I Forget"

While no special night has been set apart during the M. I. A. season for this project, it is still an important part of the Junior program. Deep interest has been aroused throughout the Church in this project and this interest should be kept alive.

We all have memories which will bless and strengthen us, which will fade from our minds if they are not recorded. Many of these incidents and stories are remarkable, and most of them will become invaluable as time goes on and we refer to them or when our children in years to come read of happenings in the lives of their grandparents and great grandparents.

The early diaries of some of the members of the Church are the only source of some of our choicest history. For example, how could we ever visualize that marvelous trek of the Pioneers without William Clayton's Journal?

Now that the whole period is given over to manual discussion or to appreciation courses, it should be possible to devote a few minutes each Tuesday evening to the project, Question Box, etc. For detailed suggestions on the project, see two recent Junior Manuals—"Building a Life" and "Believing and Doing."

Choral Music and Art of Conducting

(Continued from page 683)

Another important point is to see that two syllable words are not released on the end with a "kick." The first part should be accented. Any word ending in "tion" should not have that part accented. The word "blessing" is an example of two syllable words, the first part should be accented and not the last. To indicate emphasis of any part of word the conductor may do so by thrusting his baton forward.

In singing a selection it is very important that the punctuation and phrases of the piece are watched carefully, for it is by watching these that color is given to the selection and the correct meaning is conveyed. Phrase endings are enhanced if there is just a partial delay, or the tones are held

back somewhat making rather a plaintive delay; a very effective result will be obtained being rather whimsical. If the phrase ends in "ing" a ringing effect may be had by closing the mouth, but this should not be done in all pieces as it might become monotonous. One should be careful to see that the effect doesn't spoil the music. If there is an extremely long hold that is more

than singers can master, short quick breaths may be taken during the hold which will not be noticeable as all singers will not take a breath at the same time.

If a song is in dialect it should be sung as such, but not unless the conductor knows something about it himself.

The salvation of the music of the future depends largely upon the performance of the mass rather than the contentment of looking on. Group participation should be encouraged. This can best be done through choral music as this leads to mass musical education. In group work the participants are all on the same level. In opera work, for instance, the cast predominates while the chorus is in the background; this is a detriment to the chorus work. It should be the endeavor of all to participate in choral and group work rather than be content to listen to others perform. If this is done "it will prove to be the salvation of the American musical life."

Courage

By Catherine E. Berry

TO hold fast to a dream, though men may jeer,

To keep a faith untouched and hold it high.

To face defeat and turn a loss to gain—
Oh, never quite let go, though hope goes by.

To keep a dream enshrined within your heart,

Lift up your eyes and hold your guiding star.

The road is long, but oh remember this,
The courage of a dream can carry far!

S C O U T S



The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

By Philo T. Farnsworth

No. IV. POST PUBERTY OR LATER ADOLESCENCE

This is the fourth of a series of articles being written to acquaint "Leaders of Boys" with the best information and source material available on the subject of the growth and factors of development of the adolescent boy.

In the preceding articles we have discussed characteristics of the growing boy and have presented facts related to the growth and development of the boy through two stages of adolescence: Puberty and Middle Adolescence. We propose now to present the facts of growth about the third or last stage of adolescence development.

A third and last general grouping of adolescent boys is known as the post puberty period or later adolescence. The years from 17 to 21 constitute approximately the age level of boys in this group. While no hard and fast line can be drawn between boys of this group and the period preceding and following there are interesting observations to be made as to the phases of development noted.

Boys of this period have bodies that are barely grown and display a marked degree of physical strength and ability.

The mind begins its definite control of bodily activities although strong impulses and desires manifest themselves as growing markedly stronger during this period.

In an intellectual way imitation has declined very much and there much greater self assertion and activity in reasoning and thinking out problems is noted. The receptive powers are quick, logical memory is growing stronger and the young man of this period questions and doubts traditional customs and authority.

The period is a sentimental age with the impulse of love as a very strong drive. There is a boundless enthusiasm displayed with considerable will to achieve and to carry forward a plan of action. Altruistic emotions are strong with a sincere desire to contribute something worth while to the family, church, social group and community.

The young man of this period is conscious of being a part of society but is also conscious of his own personal individuality. There exists a longing for sympathetic understanding of one's condition and actions and there may be a definite secretiveness in one's manner of living and adjustment to society.

From a moral and ethical point of view later adolescence is indeed an age of difficulties. There is a marked tendency to criticize openly and vigorously

the doings of the Church and society without the full insight of mature judgment as to causal factors. The young man is highly sensitive to criticism from his elders and resents any slight or lack of consideration of his views and opinions. There is, however, a positive effort on the part of young men generally through this period to improve and build up moral and ethical character.

The major dangers of the period seem to be in an evil social environment which may build up habits of indulgence and appetites and desires of a carnal nature. There may be too narrow teaching which will drive the boy to skepticism and the unwitting slights of older persons may result in a negative social attitude.

During this period philosophic interests begin and science, art and literature in the form of romantic novels have a definite appeal. The boy must be constantly doing something and enjoys the display as well as the satisfaction which comes from athletic competition.

This is the young man for whom the "M" Men program is planned. This is the age of the Priest's office in the Aaronic Priesthood. These are the young men of the "C" class of Sunday School and from which the members of the missionary class are drawn. Truly these are the young manhood, virile and strong, who are soon to merge into their age of majority and assume definite social responsibilities.

We have now presented facts of the growth and development of the growing boy through adolescence.

Perhaps the greatest forward step that "Leaders of Boys" can take is that of acquainting themselves with the nature of the boy and his needs and then individualizing their plans and methods of instruction to fit each boy. In the succeeding articles we shall attempt to present facts about factors that influence individual development.

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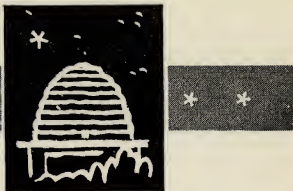
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TEN EAGLE SCOUTS OF TROOP 5, IDAHO FALLS

Front row, left to right: Dale Christensen, Robert Williams, Melvin Nielsen, Vann Pickett, Alban Smith. Middle row: Arnel Nielsen, Woodrow Wilkinson, Merrill Hansen, Wm. Grant Alvord, Scout Master; Eldred Lewis, Theron Pickett. Back row: Oscar A. Kirkham, Field Executive of the M. L. A.; Arnold Prestigard, Chairman Troop Committee; Bishop Jesse H. Nielsen, David Smith, Chairman Teton Peaks Council; C. F. Johnson, Chairman of Bonneville Co. Council; Harold S. Alvord, Scout Executive.

BEE HIVE GIRLS



Thoughts for Bee-Keepers

NO human heart ever beat that did not wish to share its joys and sorrows, its wealth or its bitter poverty with another. Then let not Thanksgiving Day pass without warming somebody else's house and heart as you keep this day. Remember also, benevolence cannot be confined to the calendar; cheerfulness and unselfishness should circle the entire year."

Thanksgiving day is at our door

Among our words to Father

Be echoed these from Heaven's shore
We'll not forget our brother.

—Dr. George H. Brimhall.

SUGGESTED METHODS

A test on the Trial Flights or other phases of the work might be conducted as follows: On paper or cardboard arrows write such statements as: Give the Purpose; Spirit of the Hive; The Bee-Hive Call; the Salute; the Promise; the Pledge of Allegiance; Five interesting facts about the Life of the Bee, etc. Place one arrow upside down in the center of the circle of girls. The Bee-Hive Girls quickly run around the circle. When the whistle blows or the Bee-Keeper claps, girls stop quickly. The two girls opposite the ends of the arrow, dive for the arrow. The girl who gets it reads the inscription, the other must answer or fill the requirements. Do this until all girls have given the parts desired. This is just one way of teaching through activity. This same game may be adapted to teach symbolism, Bee-Hive plan, etc.

At the completion of the Trial Flights the girls are entitled to receive the brown hive, the symbol of the organization, and to the part of the Emblem signifying the Rank they are entering. The hexagonal cell, the new part of the Emblem, should be presented to 12 year old girls beginning work as Builders in the Hive; the two blue violets to the 13 year old girls entering as Gatherers of Honey; and the gold bee to the 14 year old girls entering the Rank of Guardian of the Treasure. (See pages 8 and 11 in the Bee-Hive Girls' Handbook.) If you did not award these emblems at the November Conjoint Meeting, we suggest that you ask your ward president for time at one of the preliminary programs in which to make these awards. We hope all Bee-Hive Girls will be able to get the band so they will have a place on which to keep their awards.

SYMBOL

Have all of your girls chosen their symbol and name? Have you chosen your Swarm name and symbol? If they haven't been chosen you should be thinking and talking about them. It is, of course, optional whether or not the girls choose a name, but this matter should be left to their decision. Many girls take a great deal of pleasure in choosing a name.

HONOR BADGES

If in their cell-filling the girls find a special interest and wish to develop further along some line, we would call your attention to the Honor Badges, which may be earned by girls in all three Ranks. You have undoubtedly noticed that the Bee-Lines are reserved for Guardians, only.

FORMATIONS

Now that each Rank has its own formation, we hope that you will learn it thoroughly and enjoy using it often.

THE HONEY COMB

Have all of your girls purchased or made a Honey-Comb? If not, they should do so as soon as possible and record their work as it is done.

MISCELLANEOUS

We are sure the girls are delighted with the material given in their Handbook to assist them in completing the Foundation Requirements. We believe the Bee-Keepers will appreciate having the Guides in the Bee-Keepers' Book. Until the new book is ready make use of the old books as much as possible.

At the Deseret News we have a Bee-Hive press club organized, called Bee-Hive Buzzers, consisting of Bee-Hive Girls, who edit and publish Bee-

Hive news from the field in our Girls' Section of the Saturday evening *Deseret News*. Appoint your Buzz reporter at once and send us all the news of your Bee-Hive activities and accomplishments. All news should come to this office, 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Have you and your girls experienced the thrill of seeing your news item published? Then keep the news coming.

We hope you have been able to make the adjustment to this year's new program and that it will be the most successful in the history of Bee-Hive.

A Report from Jennie Ernstrom, Stake Bee-Keeper, East Jordan Stake

A DISPLAY of Bee-Hive work, showing actual cell-filling was held in the basement of the Church in connection with our Stake Quarterly Conference.

One table displayed how properly to set a table, with seasonable decorations. The sweet peas used as a center piece were grown in a Bee-Hive flower garden. Another table showed the different ways of mending clothing, such as darning, patching, button replacing, etc. We also had a nice display of dresses, aprons, etc., made by the girls in the various wards.

On another table was a demonstration of the proper way to bathe a baby. This showed all clothing, etc., placed in order, with necessary toilet articles in handy position. A large chart naming the four most essential things to be observed in bathing a baby was placed on the wall above this display.

In the field of out-of-doors, there were charts identifying the different trees by their leaves and also by their bark. In this field we also had some interesting collections of different kinds of soil—natural resources of the State of Utah—having a commercial value, such as coal, shale, salt, chalk, and different ores, etc.; also collections of moths and beetles.

Another display in arts and crafts showed the different ways the Bee-Hive girls can beautify the home with little or no expense. This also included practical uses of the symbol.

Large baskets of sunflowers and cat-tails were used in decorating the room. We feel that these exhibits at Stake Conference help to keep our people Bee-Hive conscious.



BEE KEEPERS OF HYRUM STAKE AT LOGAN CANYON

A Day of Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 659)

Most of the congregation seemed as poor as she herself. Their clothing was worn and dark. Their faces were rough and lined by the cares of living. Only their eyes showed their innate intelligence and the sincere spirituality of their characters. Madame Fargier felt at ease, among them—even a little superior. With sardonic curiosity she followed the services.

THE meeting was directed by a tall young man, scarcely more than a boy. He stood behind a long, green-covered table and smiled out over the congregation with such soft, sympathetic understanding that in spite of herself Madame Fargier warmed to him. When he spoke, at the end of the hymn, something in his voice caught and held her attention, although she scarcely understood his words.

At his side was another young man, even more youthful than the first. He rose now, and prayed. Madame Fargier thought, as she listened: "Sounds like he is talking to his father. That is a funny way to address God."

Then the congregation sang again, after which a woman read from a black, leather-bound book; and then the communion was passed among the people. Only a few partook of it. Madame Fargier slunk down in her seat and shook her head violently as the boy with the tray approached her. "If that happens again, I'll leave," she thought angrily.

The young man who was directing arose and began speaking. It was difficult to understand him. His peculiar way of expressing himself in a strange tongue made it impossible to know exactly what he was trying to say. Still, his earnestness and sincerity were impressive. Madame Fargier almost wished she could understand what he was trying to say.

After a few moments she wearily gave up trying to follow his thought. "I didn't come here to solve puzzles," she told herself grimly, and settled back impatiently to await the end.

By and by the congregation stood and sang. A man prayed

and then everybody began gesticulating and speaking at once. Concluding that the meeting was over, Madame Fargier gathered up her handbag and her umbrella, tucked her shawl more snugly about her, and prepared to leave.

She paused at the door, waiting for a portly gentleman who was lingering over his adieus to make way for her. As she waited, the tall young American who had spoken in the meeting hurried up to her, and with a glad smile offered his hand.

"Good day, Madam," he said with a heavy accent. "It was very kind of you to meet with us, today. Did you enjoy the meeting?"

"Humph," replied Madame Fargier.

"Of course," the youth continued, "the first time out is always a bit difficult, on account of our poor French. We do the best we can, but . . . well, it really must be very disagreeable to listen to us."

"It is," agreed Madame Fargier emphatically. "It is most disagreeable to listen to you." Then, feeling strangely sympathetic towards this young man whose smile had won her at the beginning of the meeting, she added: "But I liked your humility, young man. You seemed to believe what you were saying."

The smile came back. "Thank you," said the young man, somewhat relieved. And then: "Have you received all of our tracts? This one will perhaps give you an idea of the subject of my speech today. I tried to talk on 'The Way to Perfection.'"

MADAME FARGIER accepted the three tracts he offered, and thrust them into her handbag. "I like your papers," she said grudgingly. "I understand them better than I do you."

"I'm glad you do," he said. "In that way, at least, we have a chance of putting our message over."

"Message? What message?" "Why, the message we came to give. The message that Christ has restored his Church upon the earth, and that his Gospel has been given anew to all men."

The old woman looked puzzled. Then she said belligerently: "What has that got to do with me?"

"Why—why, Jesus showed us the way to have eternal life and to be happy. You want to be happy, don't you?"

"No," snapped the old woman. "No, I do not." So saying, she swung out, and stamped vehemently out of the room leaving a blushing, bewildered young missionary behind her.

All during the week Madame Fargier brooded upon her interview with the young American. At first the thoughts of the Sunday meeting and the incidental conversation with the missionary annoyed her. But as she remembered his kindly attitude, his friendly smile, his firm hand-clasp, she softened. The idea that someone might be interested in her, might even like her, was new—but agreeable.

She read over the tracts he had given her. They were a bit more comprehensible than the first. One of them explained the purpose of the young men there in her city. She could not believe that anyone would deliberately sacrifice personal interests to try to help someone else.

"Why," she told herself as she folded the tracts for the third time and put them into her table drawer. "Why, these young missionaries must be crazy to leave their homes and jobs and things, to come over here and try to teach us their religion. True, their religion is reasonable enough, and practical. . . . But," she added with perverse stubbornness. "But they won't get me into their church. I won't be blinded by any flock of superstitions and soft-spoken words."

The next Sunday she did not attend the meeting of the young American missionaries. The excursion boats had begun running up and down the Seine, and with gleeful perversity, just as the giant hand of the clock on the Eiffel Tower pointed to three-thirty, she squandered a franc on a ticket and took the boat down to Boulogne, where she spent the afternoon wandering through the wood.

The week following was unusually long. Madame Fargier arose each morning in a disgruntled humor that whipped itself to sullen anger before noon. The women who worked with her in the subways left her strictly alone, and she could only give vent to her feelings on the cement floors, and return to her garret room in the evening, spent and sulking.

Friday evening, she found another folded paper in her door. She was weary, her hands and knees were sore, and she was warm with the efforts of climbing seven flights

of stairs. The sight of the paper infuriated her. "Fools," she screamed, grabbing the paper and tearing it to bits. "Fools," she cried again, tearing open the window and flinging the torn pieces from her. "Why don't they leave me alone!"

Worn with fatigue and emotions, she sank down on the threshold of her room and wept, her old body shaking with sobs.

After a moment she started up, blew her nose violently, and with tears still following the wrinkles down her cheeks, she hurried downstairs into the court and carefully gathered up the bits of paper she had thrown there a moment before.

BACK in her room once more, she locked the door, carefully spread the bits on the table, matching the torn pieces, and when once they were assembled she eagerly read the printed message. A second time she read it, slowly, carefully, aloud. Then she gathered the bits together, put them carefully into her pocket and set about preparing her frugal supper.

At a quarter to four Sunday afternoon, Madame Fargier timidly entered the large room at 164 Boulevard St. Germain. She was the first of the congregation to arrive, and the two young Americans were busy arranging the room.

As she entered, the young man with whom she had conversed two weeks previously put down the hymn books he was distributing and hurried forward, his face beaming.

"Good day, Madame," he cried, shaking her hand warmly. "I am so glad to see you."

"Humph," replied the old lady. "I didn't have anything else to do today, so I came here."

"I am awfully glad you did," the missionary said smiling. "Won't you sit down? It is still a bit early, and the others haven't arrived yet."

Madame Fargier sat down, this time in the middle of the room. "By the way," she said, "Would you mind giving me another one of those papers like you left in my door Friday? 'The Path of Life,' I think it was."

"Certainly." The youth hurried to a small table near the door, selected a tract from the several piles there, and brought it to her.

"Thank you." Madame Fargier smiled a rather rusty, inexperienced smile, and then sobered abruptly. "And now, young man," she said brusquely, "you go on about your business and I'll just sit here reading this until meeting starts."

Each Sunday, thereafter, promptly at five minutes to four o'clock, Madame Fargier hurried up the stairs at 164 Boulevard St. Germain, her face glowing with anticipation. Once she had entered the room, however, and confronted the missionaries, the mask of sullen indifference fell back over her face. "Good day, gentlemen," she would say. "Yes, it is warm weather." Then, taking her place in the fifth straw-bottomed chair on the second row, she would bury herself in a tract or a hymn book until the meeting began.

She was glad as she sat there in her second-row seat. Her hand still tingled from the sincere, meaningful grip of the handshake of the young missionaries. Their words of greeting still rang in her ears. In their presence, within the sound of their voices, she knew a feeling of well-being that heretofore she had believed non-existent.

When the services began, her heart beat with the rhythm of the hymns, and sometimes her lips soundlessly formed the words. As the young missionary prayed, a soft, deep worshipful feeling swept through her, washing down the walls of bitterness and resentment that had been built through the lonely years.

Her face lighted with emotion when the young men rose to speak. Unmindful of their broken language and their ragged, incoherent thoughts, she swayed to the eloquence of their earnestness, the majesty of their sincerity, her eyes fastened on their radiant faces. And as she became accustomed to their mode of speaking and was able to grasp the thoughts of the speaker, she heard and understood the joyous, life-giving message of the Christ, which these young men had brought. She understood and believed, convinced by their pure, unwavering faith.

But once the benediction had been said and the confused murmur of greetings and adieu beat into her consciousness, her face dropped back into its habitual mold of disillusioned unloveliness. Abruptly gathering her belongings together, she mumbled a few curt words of

goodbye to the Americans, and left the building.

ONE Sunday toward the latter part of May, she was waiting in the room when the missionaries arrived. For a moment she stood hesitantly before them, then stepping up to the tall youth with the tender smile, she said: "Mister Richmond—do you ever make visits to the people who come to your meetings?"

"Why, yes," Richmond answered.

"Well, will you and your comrade take tea with me on Wednesday, the Day of the Ascension?"

Richmond smiled reassuringly. "We'll be glad to, Madame Fargier," he said. "That is, if you will give us Linden tea."

"Very well," she promised, smiling a bit in relief. "Come at four."

Then she hurried to her place on the second row, buried her face in a booklet, and was apparently oblivious to missionaries and congregation until the meeting started.

Wednesday afternoon, with a beaming face and a pounding heart she ushered her young guests into her long little room under the eaves. One of them she seated in the easy chair, patched and cleaned for the occasion. The other sat upon a low stool, while she perched herself uneasily on the cot.

The tiles of the floors were scrubbed to a dull red glow. Clean curtains hung from the shelf, and a white cloth covered the table. On the walls were two glistening pictures cut from calendars, one of them representing a shepherd with a lamb in his arms, the other a reproduction of "The Reapers." At the head of the narrow cot hung a crucifix.

The window was open to the warm air and sunshine, and on the roof just below it, a small platform had been erected. Upon it were crumbs and a small cup of water.

"It's for my birds," she explained, gesturing vaguely toward several sparrows chirping on a chimney nearby. "I have no bird cage, so I put crumbs on my window ledge and all the birds in Paris come to me."

"I like your home," Richmond exclaimed enthusiastically. "It is like a nest up under the stars, with the window opening toward heaven."

"Humph," grumbled Madame

Fargier. "Heaven don't have smoking chimneys, and you don't have to climb seven flights of stairs to get to it."

"Oh, have they installed an elevator from earth to heaven?" the other missionary asked slyly.

"I think," Richmond said, "that you have to climb many, many flights of stairs to get to heaven. They are very difficult and steep at the beginning, but by and by they get easier. And after a while, if you let someone show you how, it becomes so easy you don't know you are climbing stairs at all."

They talked on. More and more, Madame Fargier warmed to the friendliness of the young missionaries. She told them of her bitter, empty life. "I didn't even believe in God, anymore," she said, "until I heard you talking about Him."

After a while she made them a tea from the leaves and blossoms of the Linden tree, and cut a large fruit tart. "I made it myself," she said, and smiled happily as they praised it.

Long shadows crept across the roof, then, and the chimney pots were more sharply silhouetted against the clear, light sky.

"Goodbye, Madame Fargier, and many thanks," said the young men as they shook hands in parting. "You will be at the meeting, Sunday, won't you?"

"I'll be there," promised the old lady.

Richmond lingered. "I want you especially to be there," he said, his eyes strangely misty. "Sunday will be my last meeting."

Madame Fargier seemed to shrivel. She searched the clear young eyes of the boy before her. "The last meeting?" she breathed. "But why?"

THE missionary smiled tenderly, and took her hard, worn hand in both of his. "I must go home," he said gravely. "My father has lost all his money and can't keep me here any longer. You know what it means to be a missionary—how our folks have to sacrifice. And when they can't do it any longer . . . we have to go home."

A tear tumbled onto his hand, then another. Impulsively he stooped, kissed the cheek of the old lady, and was gone.

For a long moment she stood in the doorway where he had left her, listening to the swift steps descend-

ing the staircase, and awaiting with unconscious dread the slamming of the door in the lower corridor. Then she turned and made her way unsteadily to the crucifix above her bed. Her hands knotted tightly against her breast, she spoke:

"Oh, good God," she prayed. "Leave him to me. Don't take him away from me now. Thy will be done—but oh, Lord, leave him to me."

On Sunday most of the seats in the room on Boulevard St. Germain were filled. A tense, strained silence hovered above the assembly. Madame Fargier was late in arriving, and when finally she came her eyes were suspiciously red. Sinking into a seat in the far end of the room, she remained motionless throughout the service, her eyes downcast, her hands nervously tying and untying the fringe on her shawl.

When the services were over, after most of the congregation had filed out, shaking hands and soberly wishing good luck and bon voyage to the departing missionary, Madame Fargier was still there, her fingers still picking at the fringe of her shawl.

Excusing himself from the straggling group, Richmond crossed to her and sat in the chair beside her.

"Why, Madame Fargier," he said. "I thought you had gone."

She did not answer.

"I am glad you didn't go," he continued, smiling a bit wistfully. "Not without saying goodbye to me."

Then she raised her eyes and looked at him. "You must not go," she said breathlessly. "You must stay here. It is not time to go—not yet."

She paused a moment, her hands fumbling in her pocket. "Here," she said, thrusting three crinkly thousand-franc notes into his hand. "Here," she repeated, closing his fingers over the notes. "You must

not go yet. You have not finished your mission."

MONTHS passed. It was Fall in Paris, now. The skies were leaden and the streets were often black with rain. Fewer people came now, to the meetings at 164 Boulevard St. Germain. But each Sunday found Madame Fargier in her place in the fifth straw-bottomed chair in the second row. She sang now, and once she had read before the entire congregation a piece from the black, leather-bound book. But when the communion was passed, she hung her head, and her hands were clasped, almost in prayer.

Each Wednesday evening the missionaries visited her in her little room high among the roofs and chimney pots near the great markets of Paris. There they talked and sometimes sang. Once she had asked them to pray, and when they were through she was crying.

And then one evening the young Americans began talking about a peculiar American feast day, and explained the significance of the festival to Madame Fargier. "One day a year," they said, "in the Fall when the harvests are all in, we render thanks to God for his blessings during the year."

A day of thanksgiving: Madame Fargier thought about that. Finally she said. "You have taught me your religion. It is good. The people in your church are good. And you are like the Lord Jesus—you are good. I want to become a member of your Church. Will you baptize me on your American day of Thanksgiving?"

Thanksgiving night, alone in her long little room under the Paris roofs, with the rain tapping against the window and gurgling down the gutters, Madame Fargier knelt beside her bed in the darkness, clasped her hands and prayed:

"O Lord, I thank Thee for Thy blessings. I thank Thee for leading the missionaries to me, to teach me of Thee. And I thank Thee for this day—this day of the American Thanksgiving, for today I have entered Thy fold.

"And oh, dear Lord, I ask Thee to bless all Thy children—especially Thy missionaries. And bless especially my missionary, Elder Richmond, who is so far from me, now. Take care of him, and . . . And bless me, Lord, and help me . . . so that some day . . . I can be—with him—with him! Amen."



Can Science and Religion be Harmonized?

(Continued from page 660)

claims to be scientifically respectable; and she boasts of her long list of leaders who—as Joseph—have distinguished themselves as scientists.

But this element alone is not sufficient to occasion the need we are here analyzing. Numerous

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cults—pseudo-sciences—in psychology, spiritism, health, etc., make no effort to conform to so-called “orthodox” science, but openly and triumphantly condemn science for not conforming to them. For them, recognized scientists are high priests of error, with whom conciliation is undesired. In this respect these would-be-scientific cults resemble the more unpretentious religions mentioned above.

The scientific note in Mormon thought has not been able to develop a cult. It is with science proper that Mormonism has sought companionship—with Newton, Millikan, Chamberlain, Moulton, Pasteur, Jeans, Jennings, James, and their kind. Mormons have been, and are, proud of their fellows who have attained recognition by, and admission to, reputable scientific societies. To say that the Church has not developed a pseudo-scientific cult is merely to say that she feels the need of harmonizing with science. This is not to say that Mormonism is not in danger of “cultism.” Indeed, there are numerous quacks numbered among her members—and others not so numbered, who pretend admiration for her people and her teachings for pecuniary advantage—who spread their superstitions in the name of science and attempt to call in the authority of the scriptures for support. To warn the church membership against such error is a contributing motive for this article. The proverb: “Overcome evil with good,” is apt; and if we are to be saved from “cultism,” it must be through a recognition of the character, and value of true science.

That Mormonism has, up to the present, been saved from the cults—that she feels a need for conciliation with science proper—is largely due to a second factor which we must examine; namely, the missionary spirit and activities of the Church. The Mormon spirit is not concerned with the mere saving of self, but extends to the saving of others. More specifically, it is through the saving of others that one saves himself. Mormonism is a mission; in its missionary work it finds sole justification for being. Translated into other terminology, this means that the concern of Mormonism is with social betterment. It is a social program. Such being the case, its success is measured by the degree of its contagion. As such

it contrasts with the monastic ideal of the hermit. The Mormon saint is not a recluse, but a crusader. His victory is not in denying the world, but in overcoming it. Not in solitary contemplation, but actively in the midst of battle, does he find his opportunity. For this reason he is slow to denounce carelessly, or renunciate, any element in the world which promises aid to him in his mission. Better to make an ally than an enemy.

More closely examined, this social, or missionary, work falls into divisions. There is the work at home and that in foreign fields—the carrying of the message to the people of the world and the preserving of the faith of those who already are members. On either of these battle fronts the Church finds itself in contact with science. And in either instance the opportunity is open for her to grapple with science as an enemy. But quite consistently she has chosen what seems to be the wiser plan: in both fields she has made overtures of friendship, has sought alliance. In order to understand this choice, and more fully appreciate its wisdom, the problem should be examined as it presents itself separately in each of the two fields.

“For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated.

“And the rebellious shall be pierced with much sorrow; * * *

“And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these latter days.

“* * *

“And the day cometh that they who will not hear the voice of the Lord, neither the voice of his servants, * * * shall be cut off from among the people.”

CONDEMNATION rests only with those who will not hear. No man can be held accountable for unbelief to whom the message has never been delivered. We are concerned with the question: when can it be said that the message has been delivered? Involved in this question are the principles of the “psychology of salesmanship.” Probably no successful salesman would consider himself to have discharged his responsibility in the matter of “selling” a particular “prospect” until he himself had accomplished certain very definite steps. Reduced to a minimum, these steps probably are: gaining admittance to the prospect, gaining his attention, and arousing his in-

terest in the proposition. Prior to the accomplishment of this much on the part of the salesman no responsibility for failure to buy can be placed upon the prospect. It is probable that all effective sales organizations would agree that *short of these steps there has really been no canvass.*

This being the attitude of successful commercial sales organizations, when is it fair to say that every individual of "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people" has been canvassed by a "gospel salesman?"

Needless to say, every nation must hear the message in its "own tongue." But the tendency of the Church is to recognize that even more is necessary. By way of illustration, the writer heard the late Elder Orson F. Whitney deliver an impassioned appeal in this connection. Briefly, it was his contention that up to the present we have successfully canvassed only the lowly of the nations—that it yet remains for us effectively to carry the message to the "honest in heart" among the educated people of the world. That we have failed in this manner, in the past, is not necessarily a reflection to our discredit. Considering that during practically the entire period of this work of evangelism we have been a pioneer people, struggling with the problems of the frontier, handicapped as frontier peoples are by meagre educational facilities—considering this, it is not, it would seem, to our discredit that the chief and often the only qualification of our missionaries has been the possession of "a broken heart and contrite spirit." With the passage of frontier conditions and the development of our admirable educational facilities, however, it seems reasonable to expect that in the future we shall discriminate, in selecting missionaries, in favor of those who have additional qualifications.

But the scholastic preparation for missionary work must be something more than the study of courses in English grammar, composition, public speaking, and informal conversation—important as these may be. No matter how clever the sales tricks employed, and no matter how perfect the missionary's power of expression, if that expression reveals a mind that in uncritical slovenliness and credulity is typical of tenth or twelfth century peoples—if the ex-

pression reveals a failure to appreciate the difference between rumor, superstition, and truth, then that missionary will call in vain at the home of the truly educated. This, simply because he reveals, "by his own mouth," that he is not the type of person whom the educated regards as trustworthy; he is not intellectually responsible.

He who would effectively canvass the homes of the scientifically trained in the interests of truth and social betterment must himself be aware of the achievements of science—and this means something more than airplanes, electric lights, radios, etc.; and what is more, he must himself have acquired, and show respect for, the scientific habit of mind. What is meant by "the scientific habit of mind" cannot successfully be communicated in a brief paper. No attempt will here be made. However, the scientific habit of mind is not a veneer; nor can it be purchased, or put on and taken off at will, or gotten in any easy shortcut manner; it is the result of careful, conscientious, and persistent study. Nevertheless, to disregard its importance is to remain impotent before the truly great minds of all nations.

At this point we may summarize by saying that if we are content to limit our success in missionary work among the non-members to the conversion of the lowly and uneducated, then we may ignore and even scorn science. But if we are more ambitious, if "the voice of warning shall be unto all peo-

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ple," if we seek audience and successful canvasses among the educated, then we must seriously ask ourselves about this problem: the harmonizing of science and religion.

ONE of the leaders of the Church is responsible for the statement that in the future the chief source for increased membership will be the children born of Mormon parentage. Hence, it becomes a vital concern of the Church that these children are instructed in the faith, that they grow up clean of mind and body, and eventually through baptism and the other initiatory experiences enter into the active life of the great body of the Church. It availeth little, though, for a child to enter the Church clean and strong and faithful, if as he grows to manhood he becomes foul and vicious. In order that these youths will represent a permanent gain, the Church is responsible for seeing that they grow to manhood and womanhood with good moral character, and with a frame of mind which will enable them to function successfully in the Church.

It is in connection with the schools that this responsibility of the Church brings her once more face to face with science. Nor is it advisable to minimize the gravity of the problem as it here presents itself. Indeed, to fail to respond to this challenge seriously and with the very finest intelligence available—to shut the eyes to the reality of the conflict—is suicidal to the most worthy interests of the Church. When approached by a youth who informs you that he is in great distress, that his studies in school are inimical to his religious convictions, that it appears to him that a choice must necessarily be made between his religion and his science—when such a crisis is revealed to you—and hundreds of such crises do occur within the membership of this Church, some to be confided and shared, others to be fought through alone and in secret—in the face of such tragic suffering it is sheer nonsense to affirm blandly that there is no occasion for harmonizing these two departments of life. It is equally stupid to reply to the youth that there isn't really any conflict.

In the face of such crises any one of three responses is open for choice on the part of the religious institutions. It is possible to damn the schools, condemn them as contrary

to the spiritual interests of man, and to withdraw the youth from their unholily influence. Needless to say, such an attitude is born of ignorance, and leads to stagnation and increased ignorance. Needless, also, to remark, this is an attitude out of tune with Mormon traditions. Hence, we may disregard it.

Or, it is possible to take the matter lightly, regard these crises as purely personal affairs having significance only for the individuals experiencing them, and therefore do nothing about it. This being the easy and simple way out, the sole objection to it lies in the number of victims who may be sacrificed. The "scientific heaven" will exact its toll, and many of the young minds that fall under its influence the Church cannot afford to lose. This is putting the Church squarely on the defensive. But there is another reason for not assuming this attitude; namely, it is contrary to the general social or missionary character of the Mormon spirit. So soon as an attitude of indifference is held for those who "foolishly become entangled in the web of scientific sophistry," the crusader has given way for the recuse. So that every convert for science, if conversion to science is allowed to mean separation from religion, may be regarded either as a loss to the Church or as an individual not served by the Church—in either case, from the only point of view consistent with social or crusading religion, it is a loss.

IT is the opinion of the writer that no true Latter-day Saint would remain indifferent to this question if he understood the character and strength of the opposition. There is strength in the scientific movement. Her votaries are legion; her converts, not a few in every community—and these, from the ranks of the more intelligent. Working through the agency of the schools, she is not to be despised but respected, either as an evil or a good. As an opposition, science is an insidious foe with entrenchments that make her well nigh impregnable. As a supplement, she is an invaluable strength, and those same entrenchments may become a bulwark of the good life. These considerations become the basis for the opinion that it is to the interests of true religion to accept the third alternative and, neither damning the schools nor ignoring the conflict which they occasion in the

souls of youths, seriously work for a conciliation between these two types of inspiration and value. Our educational program seems to impel us toward the task of harmonizing science and religion.

And still there is a third factor making for this need for harmonization. If the interests already considered are practical, the one which remains to be considered is theoretical; this is to say that the interests discussed above may be considered primarily religious in nature, whereas the one remaining is essentially scientific. However, this interest has been cultivated by religion, or, originating in the religious life, has been borrowed by science. At any rate, it affords a common ground upon which both science and religion are able to meet. I refer to the interest in unity. In science this is called consistency in thought, respect for the logical principle of non-contradiction. In religion we are prone to think of it in terms of order, peace. However, theology, especially Mormon theology, has popularized the principle in the well known "axiom" that two truths will never conflict.

The fact out of which the problem grows is a simple fact of experience; namely, we do value both science and religion. We regard them both as having value, as standing for some truth. For the person who fails to value either one of the two, science or religion, there is no problem of unifying the two. He achieves unity by excluding the unvalued. But the fact is that religious people, generally, do value science. They value it for the very simple reason that they use it. And its use daily proves beneficial to themselves and their fellows. By it the burdens of work have been lifted from the shoulders of human slaves. It has brought continents together through instruments of transportation and communication. Human life has been nearly doubled through its application to the problems of health. In every act of life, almost, it is possible to use to advantage the knowledge and skills resulting from scientific endeavor. Not only do religious people as individuals use the results of science, but, equally, religious institutions welcome her as a friend and helper. Consider the Mormon use of the achievements of scientific research. The radio, and the knowledge and skill of physicians and surgeons in the L.

D. S. hospitals are only two of the many examples that could be cited.

BUT the Church is employing science in the spiritual realm as well. Not willing to suffer any handicap through inefficiency, scientific methods are being applied in our educational endeavors. The young men engaged in the guidance of the spiritual life of the youth of the Church are being encouraged, asked, almost required, to equip themselves with scholastic degrees with majors in the "science of religious education." No one is prone carelessly to cast aside a profitable servant. Indeed, though we may sometimes treat them thoughtlessly, we usually become emotionally attached to servants who serve us well and continuously.

The religious person, then, is quite universally faced with the task of discovering some way of providing living quarters for this very profitable servant, science, without violating his religious and intellectual sense of unity. There are two ways of accomplishing that task: (1) achieve a reconciliation between science and religion, or (2) establish what have been called logic-tight compartments in the mental life, one compartment for religious ideas and another for scientific ideas. This latter method is the easier, and therefore the most popular—for the human mind is notoriously lazy, content to put up with any makeshift sort of mental housing.

But this is analogous to having two religions, one for Sunday and another for the remaining days of the week. Indeed, insofar as religion is belief, this is having two religions; for it amounts to employing one set of theories and doctrines in the laboratory, and science classroom, the operating room, the daily tasks of practical life, and then discarding these ideas for another set in teaching religion and living it. If the practice of having a special religion for Sunday is to be branded as inconsistent, even as hypocrisy, no less true is it that logic-tight compartments are regarded with disrespect by the scientific minded peoples, the intellectually sensitive. Since Mormonism claims to be scientifically respectable, and since she finds it convenient to employ science in her crusade against evil and in the prac-

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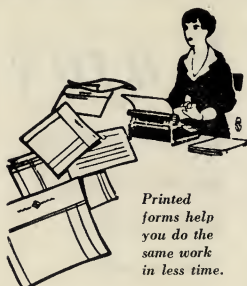
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tical work of social betterment—for which she is crusading, the wiser plan would seem to be a sin-

Let's Talk About Personality

(Continued from page 661)

within the circle of his family, is unbending in his interpretation of moral issues and vindictive in his punishment of offenses, is a pitiful spectacle and will be a miserable failure. Adaptability, plasticity, these are the qualities that make for progress and development. Miller says, in effect, that we are not potters of clay, to mold children to our will as a potter shapes a vase, but gardeners to care for and nurture the tender plants in our keeping. In short, we would do well to teach our children self-reliance for I firmly believe, with Seabury, that the broad road of self-reliance is a surer and a happier way than the mere practice of self-control. If I can help my child to choose for himself the better course of action and follow that course because he actually wants to follow it, I have helped him to develop. If his decision is the result of thoughtful consideration on his part and not from persuasion on mine, if he comes, of his own accord, to believe that happiness will reward his decision and thereby he desires to follow the better way, I am helping him to avoid moral confusion, for he has enlisted the aid not alone of his mental faculties but of his emotions as well. He not only has decided what it is best to do but he wants to do it, as well. If, on the other hand, I substitute a system of rigid self-control, I am making it difficult, if not impossible, for my child to make a discriminating choice or learn to discipline himself for I am reckoning without taking into consideration his emotional set up and emotions are stronger than reason or logic. Such a system is dangerous.

If we would teach self-reliance, we must be honest. The mother who expects the strictest honesty from her children, yet who does not hesitate to falsify to the street-car conductor about little Willie's age, is setting up for herself a task impossible of accomplishment if she would teach Willie a high re-

cere and determined effort to face the problem of harmonizing science and religion.

gard for the truth. Likewise, she who from the choir chair sings with great fervor, "speak gently of the erring one" and hastens homeward to feed the fires of neighborhood gossip with each juicy morsel which comes her way, may find the teaching of moral precepts in her home, a mockery.

FUNDAMENTAL truth is eternal and unchanging but we are still searching for it and in the meantime, we find as we translate experience, that truth as we know it, is relative, like good and evil, that it may change, that it has many aspects. It is the part of wisdom to discern truth from error, not by a passionate adherence to literal truth at all times but by a careful, respectful inspection. There may be and often are extenuating circumstances surrounding the telling of what is literally an untruth. We must be willing, have the moral courage to see these circumstances in relation to the entire matter. If we can make it possible, as Seabury suggests, for our children to see that "truth depends upon a knowledge of laws and principles, that right action is dependent upon insight into the forces of creation, that real wisdom is never the result of mere opinion, convention or belief," a new world will open before them. They will learn never to judge by appearances, never to measure actions by themselves. One author beautifully expresses this thought in the following words: "The Light of Lights shines on the motive, not the deed. The Shadow of Shadows, on the deed alone."

In our constant endeavor to guide youths' footsteps toward the goal of a charming and well integrated personality, we shall constantly try to tread the middle path, avoid moral confusion and conflict first by setting in order our own moral concepts and second, by helping to strengthen our children in their ability to evaluate, to discriminate, to separate all that is true and fine and worthy from the base, the false and the refuse. This done, the words of Polonius to Laertes in Shakespeare's Hamlet will become the master-key to our code of morals.

To thine own self be true
 And it must follow, as the night
 the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any
 man.

A Romance of Two Cities

(Continued from page 652)

her basket. It had not been touched.

"You have not taken your toll," she reminded him.

The Lamanite snatched it hastily, emptied a full two-thirds of the contents in the bin, then set it none too gently on her shoulder.

Beneath the veil, Zena's eyes blazed. Her body grew rigid.

She cried angrily, "The contract says but one-half."

He laughed.

"Just so will the Lamanite take and take, until the Fair One bows in hunger to him."

He stepped nearer, but Zena fled. He watched until she disappeared in the shadows, then going to the gate he inspected the ponderous locks; afterwards making his way to the watch-tower above the wall. The guard, just coming on duty, was preparing for his night's vigil. Nana-aha stepped onto the balcony and looked into the night. Far to the northeast, he could dimly see the lights in the watch towers of Shilom, while farther to the east and south, though too far to be seen, gleamed the watch towers of Shemlon. Beautiful cities, both, and wealthy. Between them and this city, Lehi-Nephi, lay broad fields and spacious vineyards; haunts of the herdsmen too—to the south were mines of untold value—and all were that they might swell the coffers of the mighty Lamanites; and he, the Mighty One, was second to the King only. His chest swelled with pride.

"Dogs of Nephites," he cried exultantly. "Soon they shall come whining at the feet of the Mighty One."

Suddenly he leaned forward, every muscle tensed. Along the great moon-bathed pavement that cut through forest and field came a figure running swiftly and unerringly toward the walls. A moment he watched, then turned and quickly descended the stairs.

(To be Continued)

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ON their return from Chicago where they sang at the consecration of the Ford Motor Company at the Chicago Fair, the Tabernacle Choir of Salt Lake City arranged a stop on their homeward trip in order to visit Independence. This fine choir, containing more than 250 voices including some excellent solo artists, was accompanied by Heber J. Grant, President of the Utah Church.

Through the kind offer of Elias Woodruff, President of the Central States Mission of the Utah Church, the members of the two churches as well as many other citizens here were given an opportunity to hear this famous choir. The Auditorium easily accommodated the audience of more than four thousand people who were present on the occasion.

The program consisted of selections from sacred, operatic and popular numbers to suit a wide variety of tastes. The program was very greatly appreciated by those who heard it.

In an interval between parts of the program, President Grant gave a short inspirational address concerning the ideals of his church. President Frederick M. Smith spoke in behalf of the Reorganization near the close of the service. —From "The Saints Herald," of Sept. 25, 1934, published for the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Independence, Missouri.

TESTIMONIAL LETTER

August 31, 1934

Mr. Peterson:

WE are not members of your church, but would not think of dropping our subscription to *The Improvement Era*. It is a wonderful magazine for the entire family.

Alfred W. Hulmes
Grosse Pointe Park
Michigan.

WHAT ABOUT IT BOYS, AND GIRLS TOO?

Dear Editors:

IN the February issue you ran a very interesting article on foundations for a happy marriage. It contained a lot of idealistic material, grand ideals concerning preparation for the marriage state. Because I have tried to live up to such ideals I find myself staying at home, being left out of good times because I am not a sport, and now, with a breaking heart, with all illusions fast slipping from me, along with my youth, I am nearing that line, not many years hence, when people will begin to feel sorry for me, or laugh at me. Just an old maid—not an embittered one, my hurt is too deep for that—but wondering.

Most things begin their young womanhood with beautiful ideals of love and marriage, of babies and happy home life, based on all these fine and lofty principles of virtue, honesty, sincerity, good health, education, heritage, and training for married life, but one by one they drop them as they find that boys are not interested. Instead they set themselves behind a mask of insincerity, never daring to be true and genuine, and rather than to hold their sex as something sacred and holy, they learn to flout it—sex appeal. But it gets them a husband, home, babies and happiness. We few who are foolish enough to still hold to those ideals are left—just holding those ideals—nothing more.

All my life I have been taught the highest standards of morality in an L. D. S. home and it has been my ambition to have an L. D. S. home of my own some day and teach these same standards to my children. If I ever should have children now, I am wondering myself if I would teach my girls these standards and spoil their lives as mine has been. I have tried to analyze myself, (I can only tell my story, but there are dozens like it.) I am not beautiful, but not bad looking. I have better than the average education, being a college graduate and also a graduate of an eastern private school. I have been trained in all the arts of the home, cooking, sewing, child care, etc, as well as in a trade, in order to be self-supporting. I truly believe I would be an efficient wife

and mother. But while I have been learning to be efficient other girls are being wiser and concentrating on a man-hunt—if we were to believe the advertisements we would buy some special soap, or drug, which would give us all we desire in life, but things are deeper than that. We hear much of the God-given privilege it is to be a wife and mother in Zion, but is it necessary to lose our self-respect, our ideals, and sometimes even our virtue to achieve this noble goal?

I would appreciate a discussion on this point, not by old married folks, but by the young and the unmarried. For obvious reasons I prefer to remain anonymous.

Dear Poetry Editor,

I CAN'T tell you how proud I am of the poetry department—in fact, of the entire *Era*. Each issue gets 'better and better'. I save the issues to use as 'missionaries' among my non-Mormon friends.

In the August issue I read Marilene Bloomfield's poem, 'Our Desert', and I couldn't resist giving my version of that condition of the earth called 'the desert'. I realize I'm no poet, and perhaps you won't be able to use my maiden effort, but it relieves my feelings, and that's something! You can't imagine how many feelings one can accumulate in two years of desert.

What nice verse Carlton Culmsee writes—not nearly often enough. Please don't use my name (I realize that a number of my neighbors prefer this type of country).

ALIEN

THEY' said, "The desert's peaceful."

I saw the cattle lie—
Parched tongues lolling, swollen bloodshot eye.
To one who knew iced mountain streams
This country seemed awry,
Blank blot upon a retching earth
Where sand and air were dry.

'They' said, "The desert's beautiful."

And then—I saw Love die,
Flaming sunset against a taunting sky.
Oh valleys green, Oh memories sweet,
Oh mountains cool and high—
I stand here in the desert dark,
My heart—one aching cry.

WEST AUSTRALIAN DISTRICT

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Aug. 17, 1934

Dear Editors:

INASMUCH as we form a very decided contrast in stature and cause no little comment wherever we happen to go, we, Elders Bott and Anderson, missionaries in the furthest possible exile from the Land of Zion, think that inasmuch as

we have read at all times and thought upon the subjects contained within the covers of *The Era*, and have enjoyed the contents very much, that some of the good folks at home would like to get a view of the Long and Short of Mormonism in Western Australia, and see if they can observe such a contrast in us as to make us such really conspicuous characters. Maybe its the attire we are garbed in, anyhow we enjoy the work of the ministry, and short or long, the work goes on.



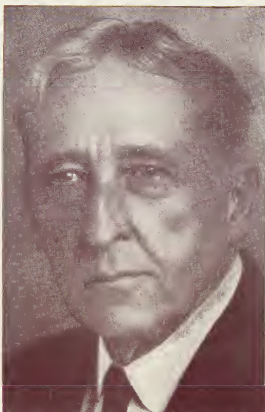
As Elder Bott looks up at Elder Anderson
And Elder Anderson down at Elder Bott.
You can bet your Yankee dollars,
There's a street meeting in the plot.

May you always remain an Ensign to the nations.
Elder Forrest (Long) Anderson
and
Elder Melvin (Short) Bott.

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Representative J. Will Robinson is one hundred percent with the President. He has sponsored legislation which protects the water supplies and water sheds of Utah communities; has secured land grants for the University and promoted legislation that safeguards our schools; is chairman of the group that put through the Jones-Costigan Bill protecting our sugar industry. A capable and fearless man.

Representative Abe Murdock has proved himself a vigorous and courageous representative of Utah's interests—with notable work in behalf of farming, livestock and mining. Was a leader of the House silver bloc and was chosen to make a national radio broadcast on silver legislation. Largely through his efforts, appropriations for Utah State Agricultural College were continued. Has been highly effective in securing P. W. A. appropriations.



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Judge James H. Wolfe, who seeks election to the Supreme Court, is ideally qualified—by training, experience and a broad, sympathetic understanding of human problems. He has been called "the least reversed judge in the United States." A pioneer in workmen's compensation legislation. Former member Board of Regents of University of Utah. Former assistant attorney general. Graduate engineer and graduate of law school.

Joseph Ririe, seeking election to the office of state treasurer, was elected state auditor in 1916. Has been secretary and treasurer of six different companies over past score of years. An honest and capable man.



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